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No. 89 Sept. '64

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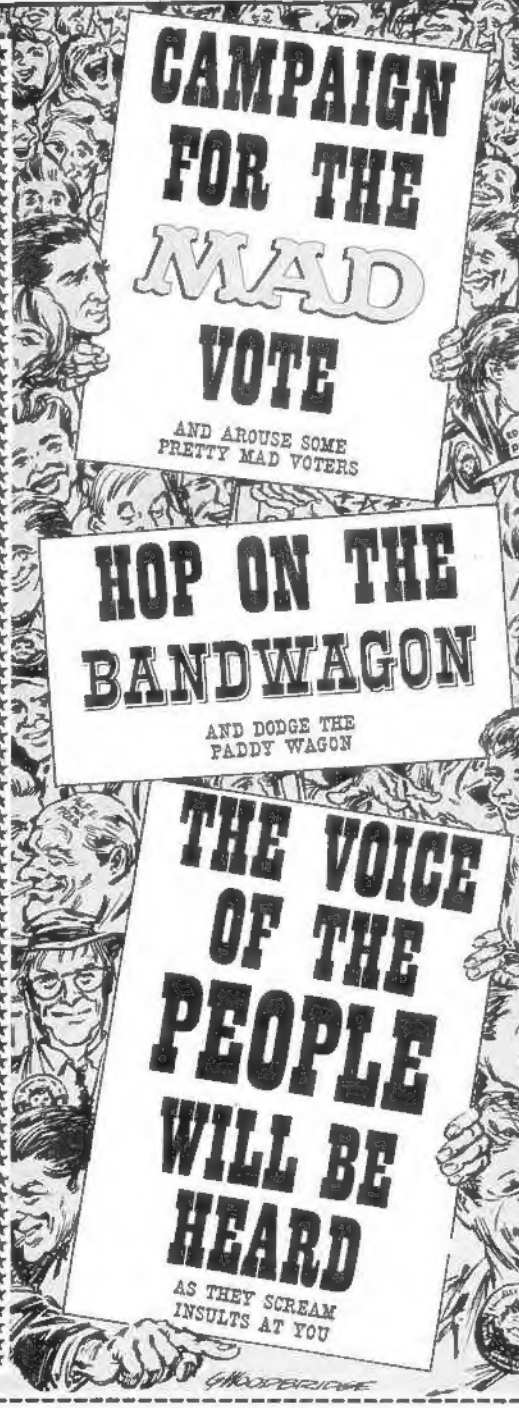

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NUMBER 89 SEPTEMBER 1964

MAD

"Nowadays, a man pays a luxury tax on his billfold, an income tax on what he puts into it, and a sales tax whenever he takes anything out!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY DE FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
MARTIN J. SCHEIMAN *lawsuits* RICHARD BERNSTEIN *publicity*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, NELSON TIRADO *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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Printed in U.S.A.

VITAL FEATURES

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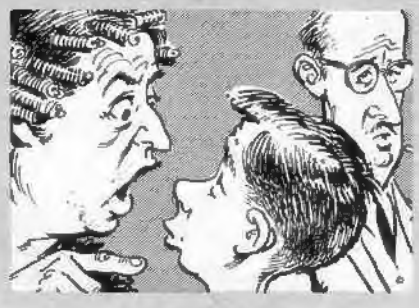

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☐ Dave Berg Looks At The USA

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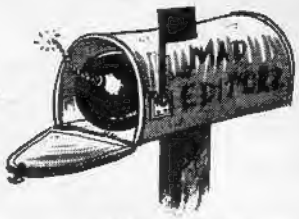
LETTERS DEPT.



COASTING UPHILL??

Long ago, MAD was a satire magazine directed at comic strips, so it was humorous and meaningful. Today, MAD has broadened to include everything, consequently it is meaningless. MAD endures only because it is coasting on the name it once made famous. All the clods who send you compliments obviously do not remember the MAD of old.

Marty Piercy
Los Gatos, California

BIG WHACK ON THE HEAD

I think your efforts are spotty and often juvenile, and it appears that a deadline is more important than a punchline at times. Your humor is often forced and heavy-handed. When you hit the mark, you obliterate it.

Steve Dunn
Hartford, Connecticut

BIG PAT ON THE BACK

I am writing this letter in protest to the finks who keep on sending in letters on how cheap and immature your magazine is, and also to the finks who buy your magazine for the sole purpose of hunting up mistakes and typographical errors. In my opinion, anyone who dares to be different in this mundane miserable stuffy society deserves a great big pat on the back instead of the usual kick in the pants, which is all that some people seem to be willing to give these days. I think your magazine is the greatest thing to ever hit the market. Not only is it different, but it is witty, humorous and intelligent. Any one who can think up the gags and satiric philosophies that MAD writers do certainly deserve some kind of credit.

Mo Miles
Toronto, Canada

IT KENT BE!

No medical evidence or scientific endorsement has proved any other trash magazine superior to MAD!

Ben Goldstein
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

ALFRED E. NEUMAN FOR PRESIDENT

You might be interested to know that when the students here at King Phillip Junior High School voted on who they wanted for President of the United States during a recent poll, Alfred E. Neuman polled a larger amount of votes than did Romney, Stassen, Sen. Ribicoff, Mr. Ellis (our school Principal), Dizzy Gillespie, Cassius Clay, and even Adlai Stevenson.

Paul Basch
West Hartford, Connecticut

A RECORD-BREAKING MAD GANG

When 24 of us started out in an attempt to break the record for the "World's Longest Monopoly Game," we found that we needed a way to pass the time between shifts. A copy of MAD did the trick. It wasn't until after we'd broken the old record that we realized we'd all gone nutty. Mainly because we kept on playing to set a new record of 336 consecutive hours. Our nearest competitor, a St. Louis group, finished with 162 hours. It just shows you what reading your "trash" can do for a group of otherwise normal people.

Connersville Marathon Monopoly Champs
Connersville, Indiana

Normal people who set out to break the record for the "World's Longest Monopoly Game," that is!—Ed.

EDUCATIONAL AID

Being a medical student, I presently own subscriptions to two periodicals which I feel can most enhance my education: "The New England Journal of Medicine" and "MAD." May I say that after spending a difficult evening with your magazine, I find it most relaxing to while away a few hours over a medical textbook.

Vernon J. Kraus
Cincinnati, Ohio

IT ONLY HERTZ WHEN HE LAUGHS

In a recent issue, you ran a magnificent "Aviz" ad which I enjoyed heartily, as did my three children who are all subscribers to your magazine. On the walls of my office hang the best Avis ads, and I have reserved a place of honor there for your "Aviz" satire.

Robert C. Townsend, Pres.
Avis Rentacar
Long Island, N. Y.

QUICK CURE

MAD Magazines should be sent to all the hospitals in the country. When the sick people in them see how bad off MAD's writers and artists are, they're sure to feel better.

Gary Gissell
Concord, California

ANGRY MAGAZINE

"Angry Magazine" in the June issue (No. 87) was without a doubt the funniest piece of material your magazine has ever presented. When I read it, I suffered an acute case of hysterics. It's time that the hidden, pent-up violence of the American public was exposed. That it cannot stand violence is so much malarky. One look at our television programming and our newspapers proves this.

John Apernathy &
Robert Carson
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Congratulations! It's about time that somebody spoke up against all the anger and hate that exists between the people of the world. And that's just what you did in issue #87. I'm speaking of course about "Angry Magazine" which so wonderfully poked fun at the senseless and, at times, stupid arguments which are always in the public's attention. And anyone who disagrees with me is going to get a rap in the jaw!

Richard Kavooras
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

MAD FOLD-IN

I want to congratulate you on your new feature, the "MAD Fold-In." It is sheer genius. I especially like the way the paragraphs below each picture change as the pictures do when they are folded in to make a clever and appropriate comment. Keep them coming.

George Terrance
Chicago, Illinois

I don't like the idea of including a "MAD Fold-In" because it ruins the magazine. I know that a simple solution would be not to fold it, but nuts like me get curious about how it looks and reads when it's folded in.

Riley Forsythe
Arlington, Virginia

How about buying—*heh-heh*—two copies?—Ed.

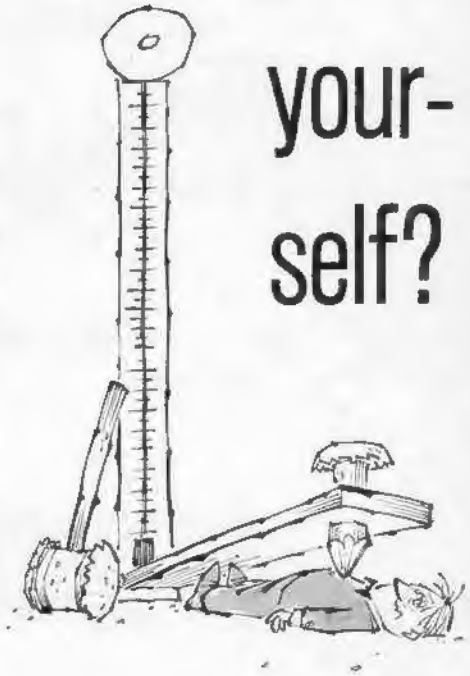
I am appropriating this correspondence in reference to the "MAD Fold-In" which appeared on the back cover of No. 87. Not meaning to sound abusive or degrading, the "Fold-In" at first seemed a bit enigmatic. But once I collected my thoughts, I realized that this was truly a masterpiece containing an exorbitant amount of studious labor and creativity. Jaffee is a paragon of ingenuity, and he has propitiated me through his astute wit. Congratulations on a job well done. I am sure that if you were to discontinue this species of feature, great consternation would descend upon my cerebral intellect.

Lawrence Armstrong
Toledo, Ohio

We tried folding in this letter, but it still didn't make sense!—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 89, 850 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10022

why kill yourself?



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NOW...3 FOR 50¢

Bet you're trying to guess what the gag is! Well, the gag is—it's **no gag!** Yep, you can now get **three** full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, for **50¢!** Now, you can wrap **three** fish for the price of **two!** Unless you got one fish! Then you can still get **one** for **25¢!** Mail money to MAD, Dept. "What—Color?" 850 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

THEY'LL SEE US INHALE DEPT.

THE recent scientific evidence linking smoking with cancer and other (yechh) diseases may force the butt-makers into mapping drastic new strategies to sell their product. Since we at

Some New Ad Tactics WHEN THE CIGARETTE

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

The cigarette industry has traditionally based its sales pitches on ads with "Youth" appeal—where we see wholesome, attractive young couples splashing in the surf or romping joyfully through grassy fields, suggesting that romance is yours if you'll only smoke. Since reality has knocked this appeal cold, they'll try the opposite tack.

THE "AGED" APPEAL

21 GREAT TOBACCOS MADE 60 WONDERFUL YEARS

"I been smokin' three packs a day of these here **Chesterfoggies** ev'y day fer the las' 60 years, an' I feels jus' fine! In fact, the las' 60 years would've been mighty dull up here in the hills without these li'l devils to puff on! Yessirree! So you shouldn't worry none! I'm all of 71 years of age—an' if **I** has survived, **you** probably will too!

—SO SAYS HIRAM POTLATCH OF UPPER PREET, ARKANSAS, ANOTHER OLD, LONG-TIME CHESTERFOGGIE SMOKER!

MAD have unlimited faith in the ingenuity of advertisers and their little Madison Avenue helpers when it comes to turning a buck, we take certain perverse pleasure in conjuring up

We're Sure To See...

INDUSTRY FIGHTS BACK

WRITER: DON REILLY

Another mainstay in cigarette advertising is the "Man-Of-Adventure" appeal—ads where we see a fearless mountain climber or skin diver or some such thrill-seeker taking a "smoking break" while gathering himself for another peek into the jaws of death. Since the "2-pack-a-day man" is now known to be taking a bigger chance, we may soon see:

THE "ULTIMATE-MAN-OF-ADVENTURE" APPEAL

IT'S GUTS UP FRONT THAT COUNTS!

She's fascinated – intrigued – as all women are by a man who laughs at the odds, a man who spits in the eye of statistics and titters in the face of death. He's a man who loves to live dangerously . . . in short, a man who *smokes!* So why don't you light up today—and see what happens?

WINSOM IMPRESSES GOOD... LIKE SMOKING A CIGARETTE SHOULD!

Another sure-fire approach we can count on seeing will be the warning to women of the ravages caused by the strain of self-discipline necessary to kick the "smoking habit." Future TV dramatizations like the following will use . . .

THE "MY—YOU'RE-LOOKING-LOUSY" APPEAL

Another approach will be embodied in the ad campaign that points out the futility of trying to outwit fate—mainly:

THE FATALISTIC "QUE SERA, SERA" APPROACH

EVERY INCH A REAL SHMOE!

(No. 12 In The "You Can't Win, So Why Try?" Series)

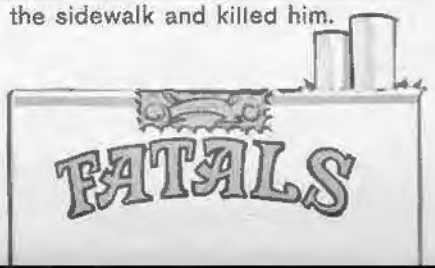
A fellow once got very nervous about smoking so he decided to give it up and survive even if he made himself miserable in the attempt.

For the next few weeks, he struggled with his desires . . . strived to suppress them . . . and became a nervous wreck. But he quit smoking!

One day, as he was walking along Main Street, pausing every so often to suck in fresh air through recently-revived olfactory nerves . . .

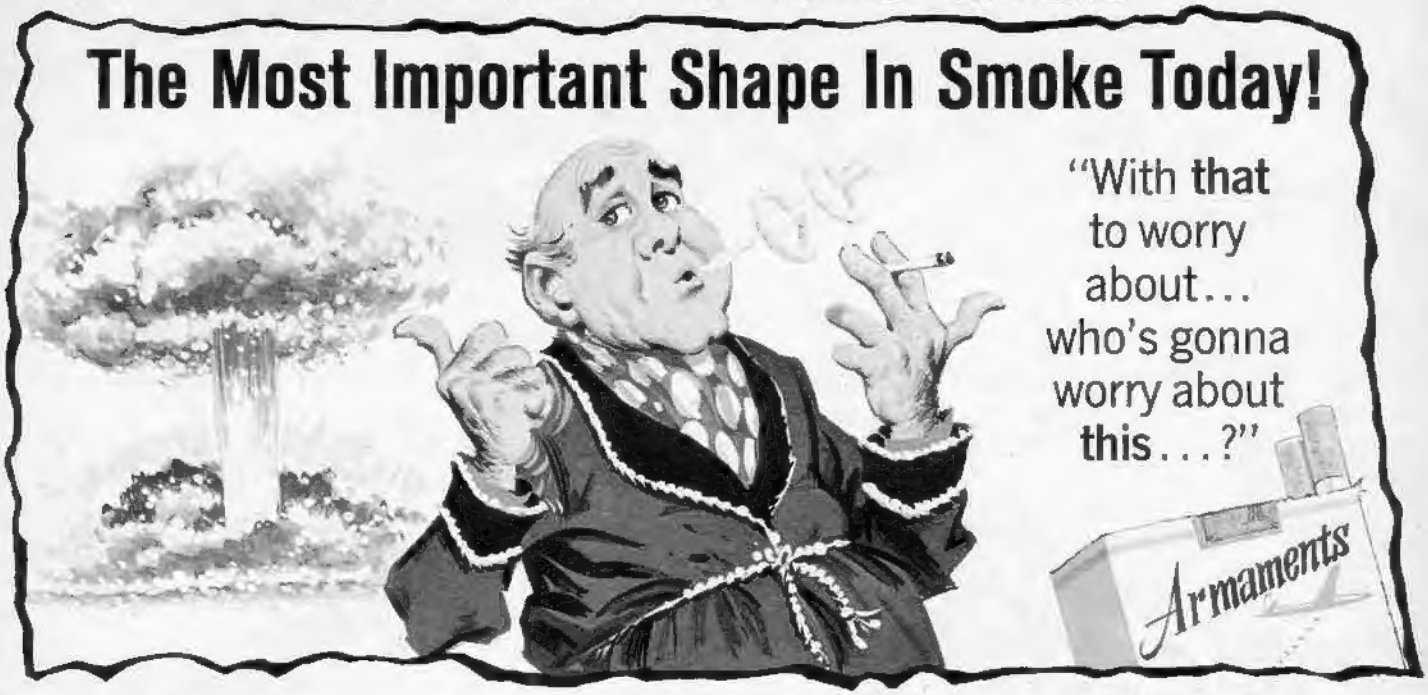
. . . a bus hopped the sidewalk and killed him.

SO LET'S FACE IT, SMOKERS! WHEN YOUR NUMBER'S UP, YOUR NUMBER'S UP! AND NOTHING YOU CAN DO (LIKE QUITTING SMOKING) IS GOING TO CHANGE IT! SO LIGHT UP AND ENJOY—ENJOY WHILE YOU CAN! REMEMBER, LIFE IS SHORT!



You can bet that resourceful ad men will also turn the tensions of the nuclear age to their advantage with . . .

THE "COMPARE-THE-SCARE" APPEAL



And lastly, we're sure to see the approach calculated to touch upon what most people feel is really important . . .

THE "HELP-SAVE-AMERICA-AND-YOUR-POCKETBOOK" APPEAL

MICROFOLK DEPT.

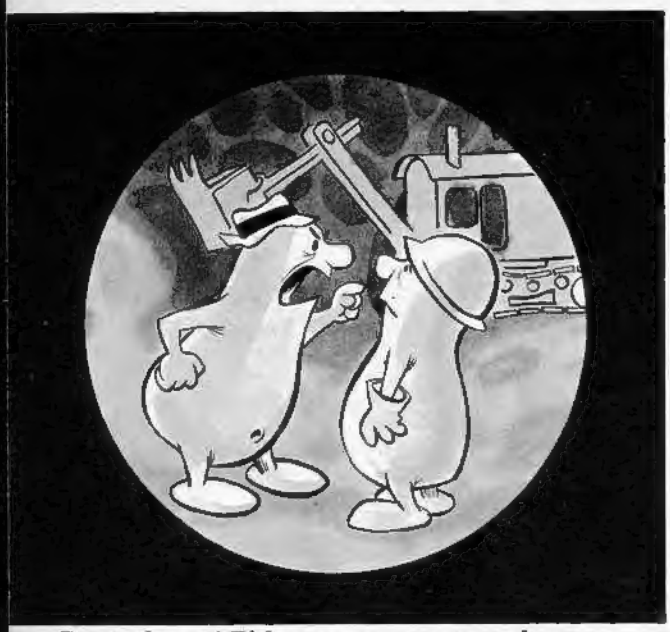
In response to many requests (mostly from the writer, and one from a germ), MAD once again presents a close-up look at that wonderful world-within-a-world — in —

ANOTHER MAD Peek Through The MICROSCOPE

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: PHIL HAHN

It never seems to occur to them that this invisible shield might protect us, too!

Better get the Bomb Squad over here right away, Chief! Some nut planted a tiny time pill in the Cough Control Center!!



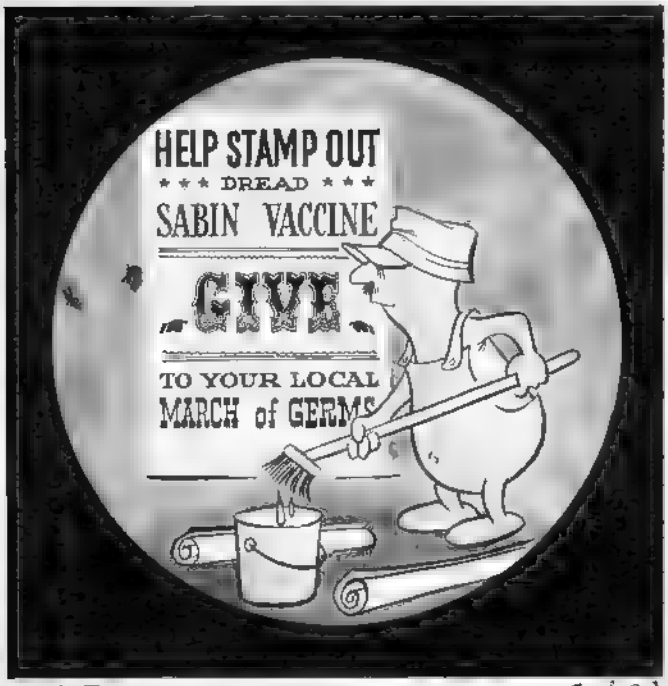
Crest—shmest! Either you meet your cavity quota . . . or I'll find someone who can!

I swear, Maude—you must have a green thumb! You always have the prettiest fungus on the block!

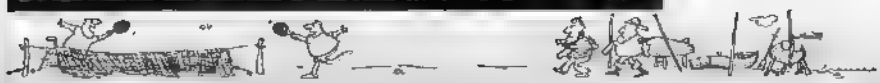
Sailing, Sailing, Over the bounding vein . . .

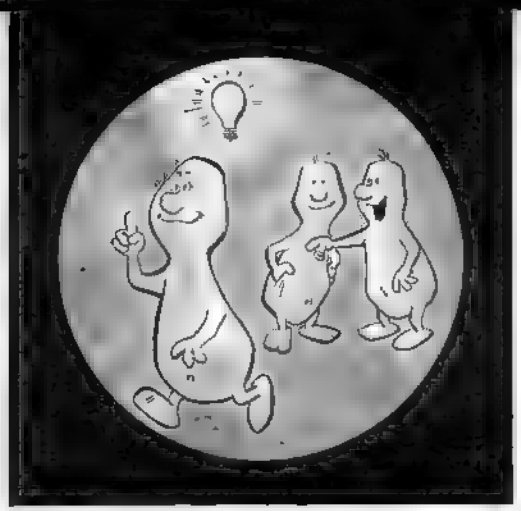
Phyllis's fiance must really be loaded! I hear he gave her a 10-karat kidney stone for their engagement!

There's no justice, Ethel! No sooner do I get the family through the Antihistamine Epidemic then—Wham! They all come down with Aureomycin poisoning!

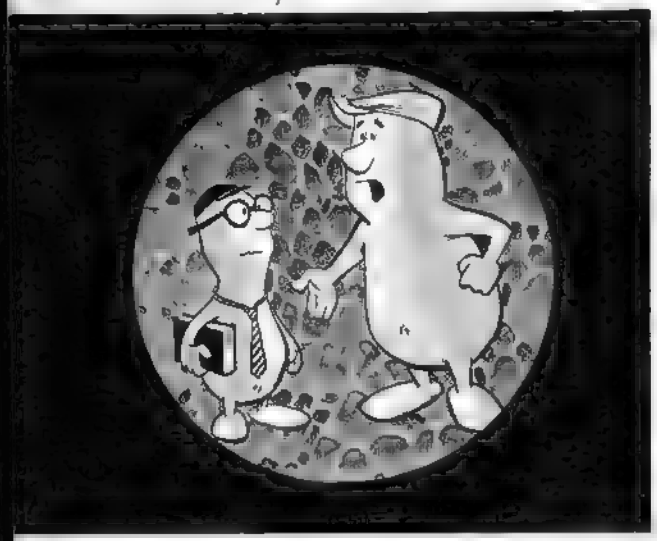


Now, as I was saying before the break, men . . . Remember: The way to detect Hexachlorophene is by its nauseating odor!

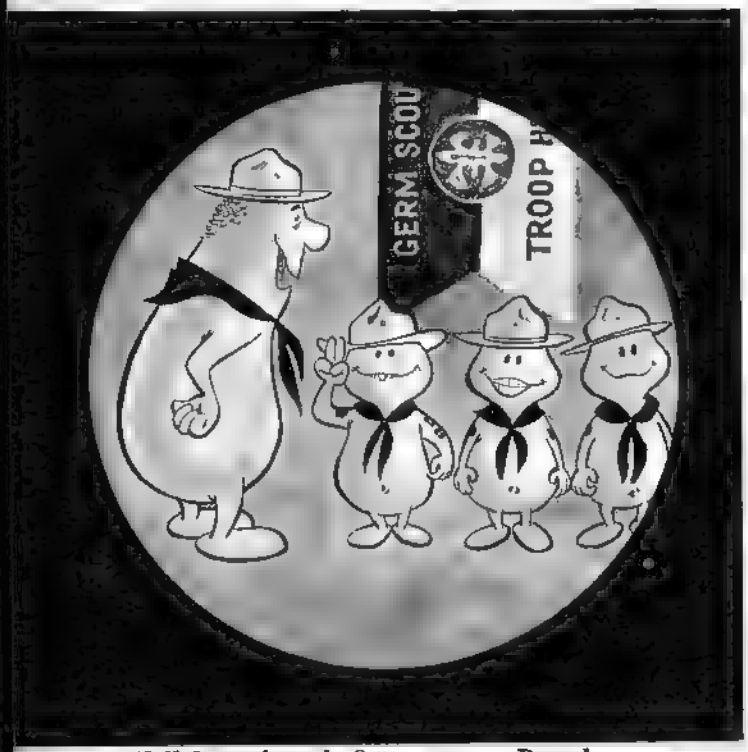




Look! There goes the famous "Germ of an Idea" that you hear so much about!

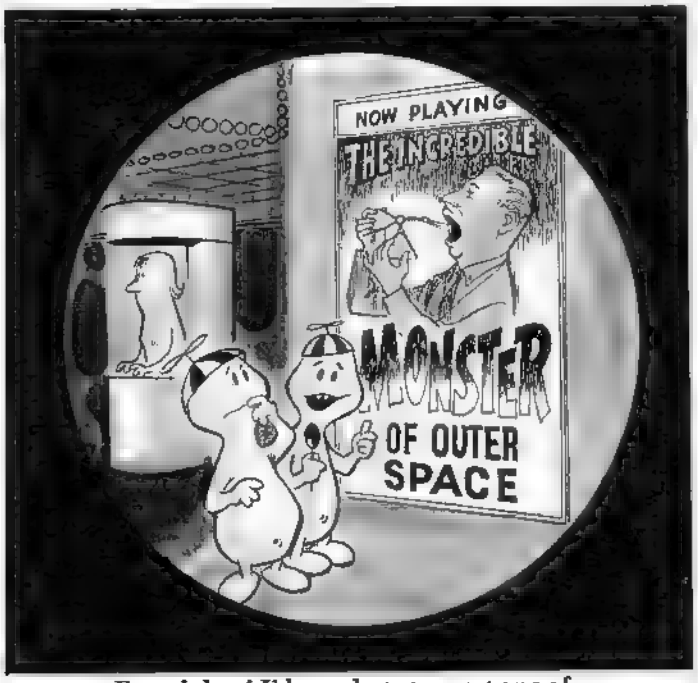


Whattya mean, you don' wanna infect anything!? You wanna be a *bookgerm* all your life?



Well, how about it, Streptococcus Patrol . . . did we all do our bad deeds for today?

I told you, dear—the Paramecium brought you! Now eat your nice corpuscles and stop pestering Mother!



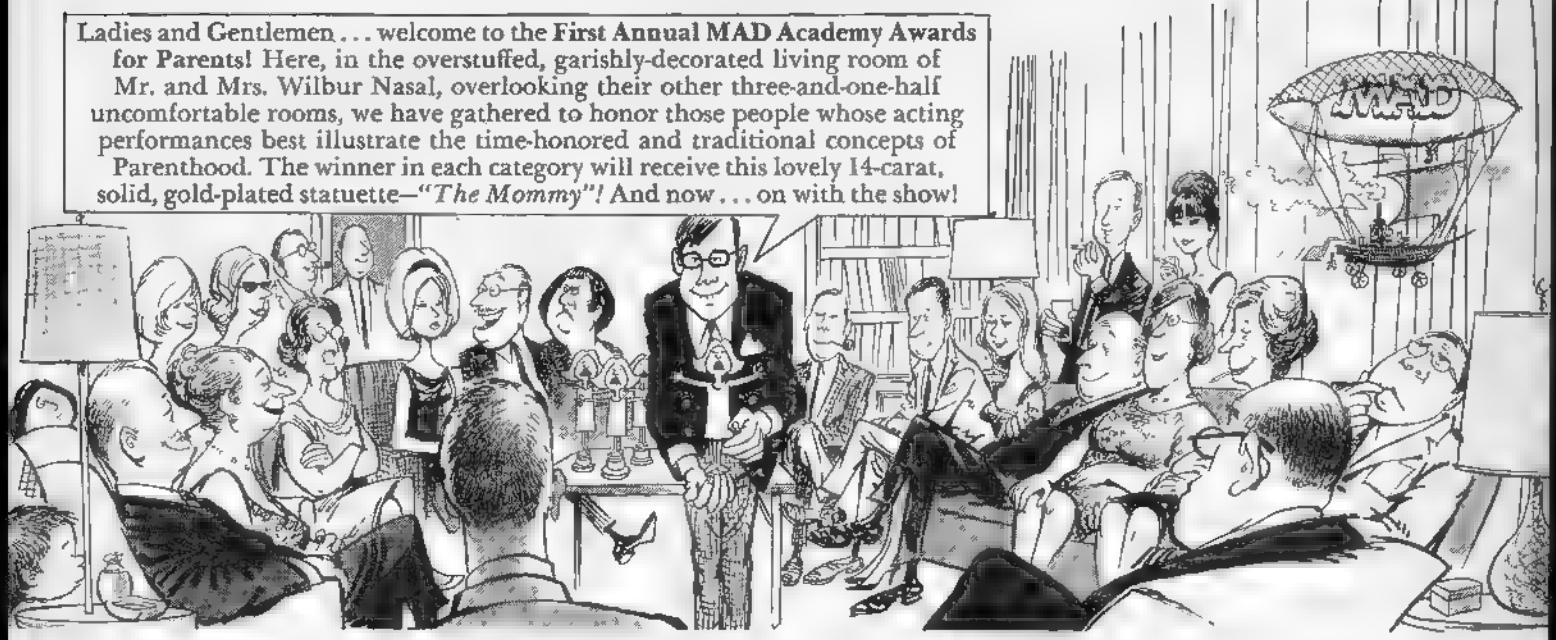
Boy-oh-boy! I'd sure hate to meet one of those in a dark artery, eh, Freddie?

OLD FOLKS AT HAM DEPT.

A FEW months back, Hollywood bestowed its annual awards for the best acting performances of the year. Now we don't want to take anything away from Hollywood (except maybe Jayne Mansfield), but those movie stars are strictly amateurs compared to the really great actors and actresses of our country—namely, American Parents! Who else gives such exhausting emotional performances day after day without let-up? What other actors can do the same scene over and over for years, carrying on even though their audiences are bored to death. Indeed, American Parents are the great unsung performers of our time. And so, in order to salute them, we now present:

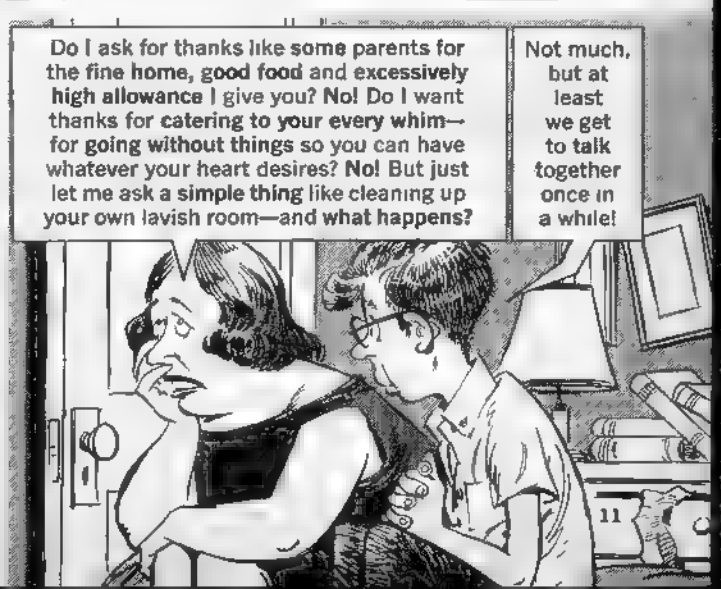
THE MAD ACADEMY AWARDS FOR PARENTS

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: STAN HART



The first category is **"THE SLOPPY ROOM"**—and the nominees are: Mrs. Elsie Gladbuck for her memorable performances in her **"You're Just *Impossible!*"** routine:

The second nominee is: Mrs. Ida Thurstoner for her stirring performance in her famous **"And *This* Is The Thanks I Get!"** routine—



The third nominee is Mrs. Olga Biffle for her "**It Would *Serve* You Right!**" routine—

And the winner is . . . Mrs. Rose Septic for her great overdone bit—screaming "**I Can't Do A *Thing* With Him!**"

If you're content to have your room look like a cyclone hit it, that's all right with me! I'm simply going to leave everything right where you drop it! And when the pile gets high enough, I'm going to throw it all out! And you can walk around naked for all I care!

Big talker! I wear a Bikini at the beach and she has a fit!

Will you please do something about your son! I've tried—Lord knows I've tried! But it's like talking to a brick wall! If I've asked your son once, I've asked him a million times to clean up his room! But your son is always too busy! You know what he needs, your son? A good smack, that's what your son needs!

Last week when I got a 93 in Solid Geometry, I was HER SON!

The next category is "**GETTING RID OF THE KID FOR THE SUMMER**"—and the first nominee is Mrs. Alice Corker for her heart-rending "**It's *You* We're Thinking Of!**" scene—

I want to thank you so much for this award! I'm really a very lucky woman! I have a wonderful husband, a marvelous son, everything a woman could ask for! When I count all my blessings—

Sorry to interrupt, Mrs. Septic, but we only give one acting award to a nominee!

Darling, your leaving hurts us more than it hurts you! How do you think we'll feel—all summer long without our little man around the house? But don't worry about us! We're happy to sacrifice so you can have a wonderful summer at camp!

But what if I HATE camp?

You'll tell us all about it in September!

CAMP WAHOOFIE

The second nominee is Mr. Walter Bicep, doing his familiar "**Son, I Want To Be *Proud* Of You!**" scene.

The third nominee is Mrs. Harold Sperling for her memorable rendition of "**Suddenly *My* Baby Is A *Man!***"

No tears now, Son! Men aren't supposed to cry! Remember, you're carrying on a proud tradition at Camp Wa-Pa-Na-Pi. When I was a camper there, I won the Athletics Gold Medal and the Best Camper Award! I expect the same from you so don't disappoint me! I want you to come back with some trophies!

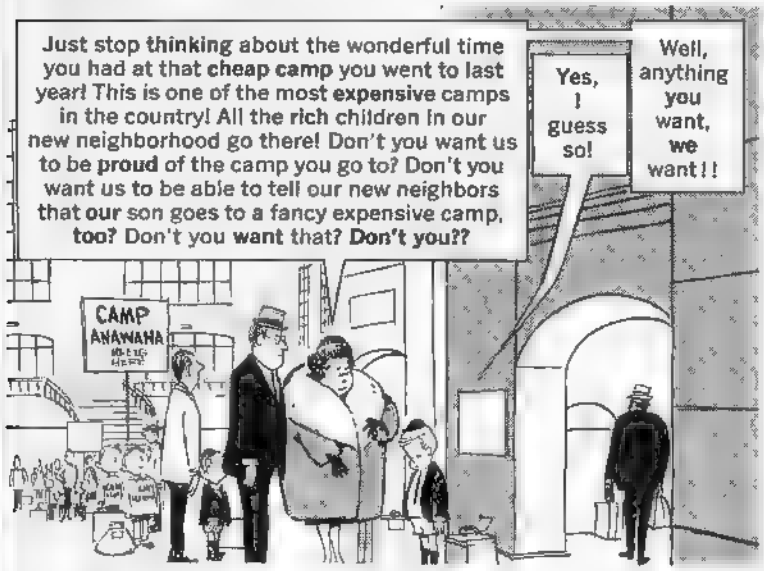
Would you settle for a hand-[illegible] wallet?

I can't believe it . . . my little Larry going to sleep-away camp! Oh, how time flies! But I'm not the kind of mother who wants to keep her child a baby so she can feel young! You're growing up, son! It's happening so fast I can't keep track of how old you are!

I'm two years old! Do I gotta go?

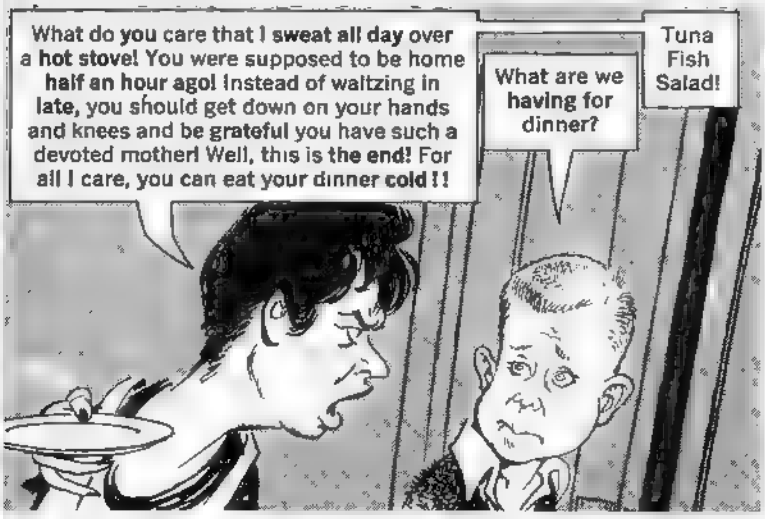
CAMP GOOMBA

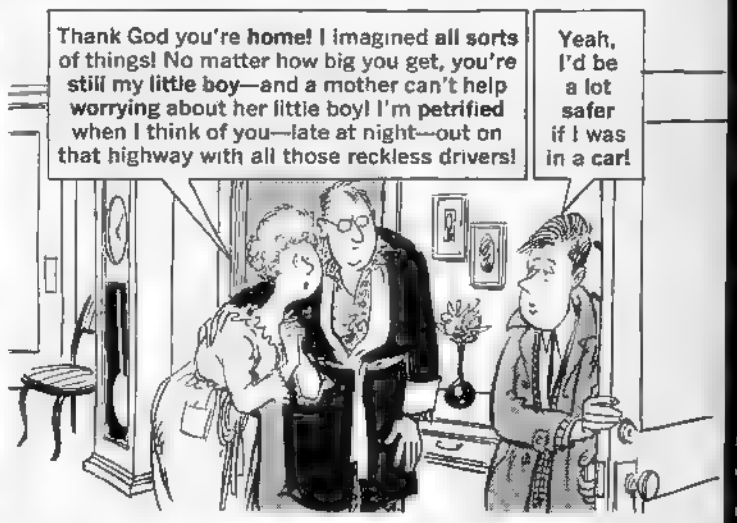
And the winner is . . . Mrs. Donald Vector for her performance in **"We Only Want To Make You *Happy!*"**



The next category is for the **"COMING HOME LATE"** act. The first nominee is Mrs. Hortense Inlay for her inspiring **"I Could Drop *Dead* For All *You* Care"** scene:

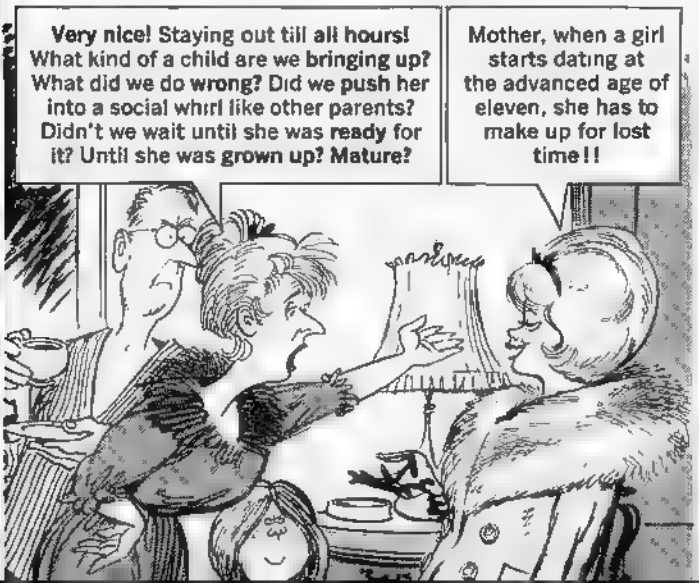
The second nominee is Mrs. Lars Factotum for her stirring **"You're Making Me Into A *Nervous Wreck!*"**

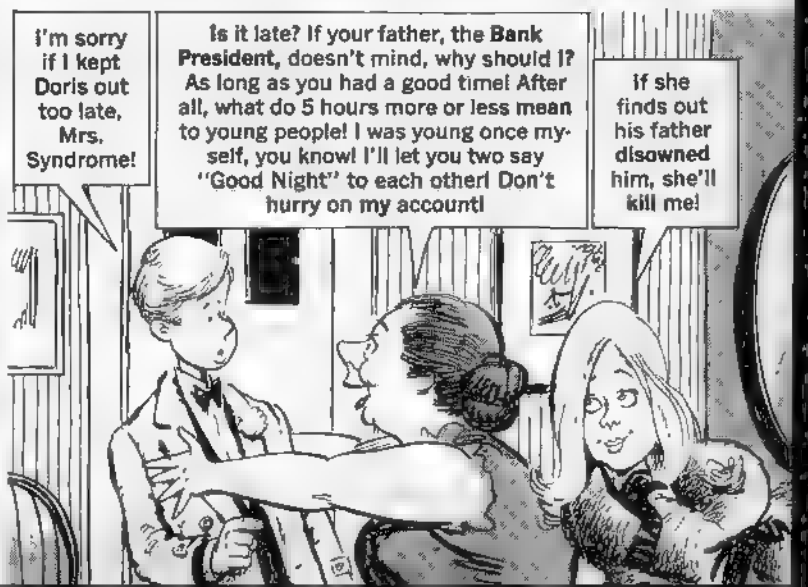




And here is Mrs. Selma Baxter, the third nominee, in her brilliant performance of **"What Did I *Do* To Deserve This?"**

And the winner is—Mrs. Cynthia Syndrome for her performance in **"Of *Course* I Understand!"**





Thank you for giving me this wonderful award! I'd love to say a few words, but I must rush home! My daughter is alone there with that rich boyfriend of hers!

And you're afraid they're necking?

I'm afraid they're NOT!

The next category is "THE ECONOMY CAMPAIGN"—and the first nominee is Mr. Lewis Zimba for his touching pantomime performance in "It's *Too Much* To Bear!"...

Hold it, Ruthie! I think my father is trying to tell me something!

The second nominee is Mr. Robert Pinchbottle for his explosive "What's The *Use* Of Talking!"

The third nominee is Mrs. Stephen Barto for her matchless performance in "When We Were *Your* Age!"

How many times must I tell you to squeeze the toothpaste from the bottom of the tube!? Anything I say to you goes in one ear and out the other! Toothpaste costs money and money doesn't grow on trees! Or don't you care??!!

But I didn't do it, Dad! I haven't brushed my teeth in two months!

Good! I'm glad I'm not bringing up a spendthrift!

Five dollars for a date?! Who do you think we are, the Rockefellers?! The trouble with you young people is—you're spoiled! Money comes too easy! Why, when your father was courting me, we used to go for long walks—and then maybe for an ice cream soda! That's the way a boy won a girl back in my day!

Judging by what I won—maybe you're better off losing!

And the winner is ... Mrs. Phyllis Freeble for her great performance in "Upset? *Who's* upset?"

You think it bothers me that you played football in your brand new suit? You think I care that it cost $65 of your father's hard-earned money? You think I'm upset that it'll take $15 or $20 to re-weave it? You think I'm disturbed that you disobeyed my orders? You think I'm angry ...?

I CAN'T TAKE IT! HIT ME! BEAT ME! ONLY STOP THIS ORIENTAL TORTURE!

Thank you all for this wonderful award, and I'd like to take this opportunity to express my gratitude to my only son, Milton ... that dear sweet boy whose sensitivity and depth of emotion have won him the admiration of every psychiatrist we've sent him to —for making this glorious moment possible!

The last category is **"THE UNDONE CHORE"** and the nominees are: First—Mrs. Mary Ann Kreevich in her unforgettable ***"Listen* To Me When I'm Talking To You!"**

I see you're **still sitting**—and so is the **garbage!** You know what you are? You're a good-for-nothing **loafer!** Your father and I could **drop from exhaustion** and **you** wouldn't lift a finger to **help** us! If you're **this** bad now, what will you be like to us when you're **grown up?**

A complete stranger!

The second nomination goes to Mr. Gerald D. Asp for his outstanding performance in **"Let's Talk This Thing *Out!*"**

Son, you wouldn't like it if I disregarded **your** wishes! I merely expect **you** to respect **mine**—and **cut the lawn!** Am I being **unreasonable?** Is that asking **too much?** Actually, it's a much bigger issue than just the lawn! Sure, I could pay a gardener $10 to cut the grass—but what would that do?

It would **break** your **heart!**

Next, here is Mrs. Richard Klaus in **"The Ultimatum"**...

Who do you think you **are**, the Queen of Sheba? Is it **beneath** you to help with the dishes? Are you afraid you'll soil your dainty little **hands?** Well, from now on, everyone in this house does **her share**, or else she can **move out!**

Whoopee! I'll move out!

Don't you get sarcastic with **me**, young lady!

And the winning performance . . . Mrs. Seymour Bilge in her **"Never Mind, I'll Do It *Myself*"** classic . . .

Run along and have fun! **I'll** put up the storm windows! First, I'll carry the **heavy ladder**—and God knows what that will do to my **Bursitis!** Then I'll climb to the **roof** and pray that one of my **dizzy spells** doesn't come over me. Then I'll put up the **windows**—if my **heart** holds out!

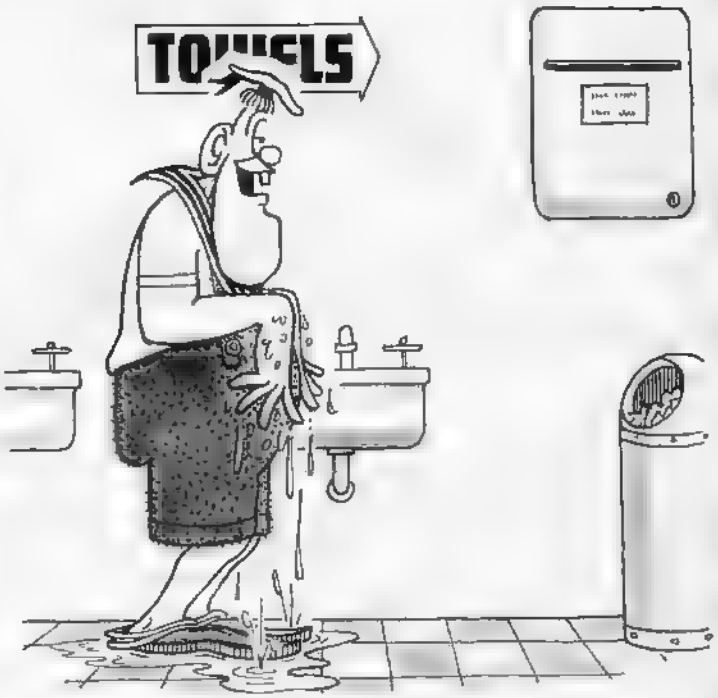
Gee, Mom, you're in pretty bad shape! You ought to **hire** someone to **help** you!

I am happy to accept this "Mommy" on behalf of my self-sacrificing mother, who unfortunately cannot be **with** us here today. She's in Miami Beach . . . suffering through her semi-annual 3-month vacation!

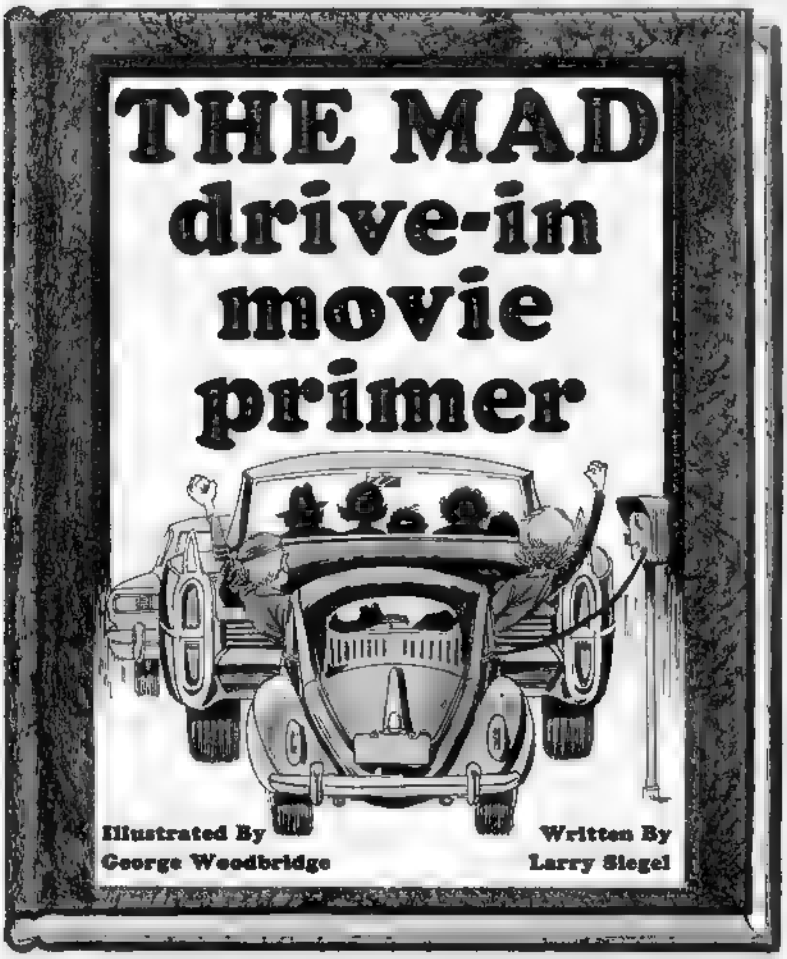
DRUCKER

Well, that's it, folks! As the ceremonies marking the **First Annual MAD Academy Awards For Parents** draw to a close, and the recipients and hopefuls rush for the exits so they can get home quick and start screaming and raving and carrying on . . . trying to qualify for **next year's** coveted awards, we bid you all good-bye! Remember, watch for our coming Awards Ceremony where we salute the people **responsible** for all this fine acting . . . the **creators**—the **writers**—the **directors** of all this domestic drama . . . mainly the **teenagers themselves!!**

alone in a washroom FOR THE FIRST TIME



According to a recent MAD survey, hardly anybody reads the introductions to these articles. In fact, we discovered that there is only one person in the whole country who reads the introductions to MAD articles. You, Sonia Muffleknopf, of Evanston, Ill.! Hi, Sonia! It's nice communicating with you like this. And Sonia, guess what? We just learned that you are really Anastasia, the sole surviving member of Tsar Nicholas's family. There are $7,000,000 worth of Russian crown jewels waiting for you under the letter box at the corner of State and Lake Streets in Chicago. Pick them up at your convenience. Don't worry—not a soul knows about this. The U.S. Government has authorized us to contact you this secret way. So, good luck, Sonia, with your new-found fortune. Just remember, while you are driving around in your shiny Cadillac or roaming thru your 40-room mansion with the swimming pool, that you owe it all to reading introductions to ridiculous MAD articles like this one, which presents . . .



LESSON 1.

See the Drive-In Theater.
See the nice car parked in it.
See the nice man and lady in the car.
What a lovely couple they are.
The man and lady are married.
How do we know they are married?
Because they are in the Drive-In Theater
And they are not necking!

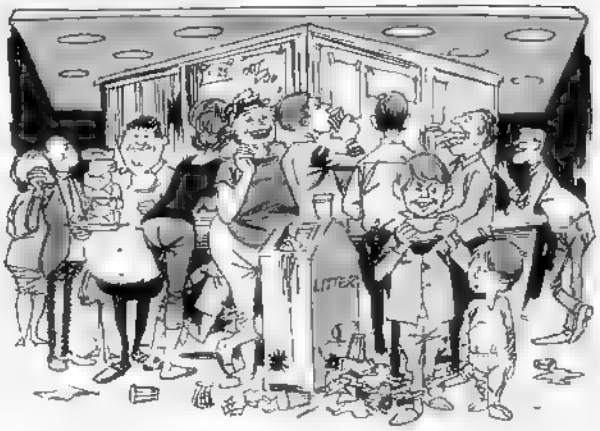
LESSON 2.

See the other nice man and lady.
See them kissing.
Kiss, man and lady, kiss.
What a pair of kissers!
This man and lady are not married.
No, sir!
Then again, they *could* be married—
But not to each other!

LESSON 3.

See the children in pajamas
Why are they wearing pajamas?
So they will sleep in the back seat
While their parents watch the movie.
See how nicely they are sleeping.
See how they talk in their sleep.
See how they fight in their sleep.
See how they sleep with their eyes open.
Tomorrow they will sleep with their eyes closed.
In school!

LESSON 4.

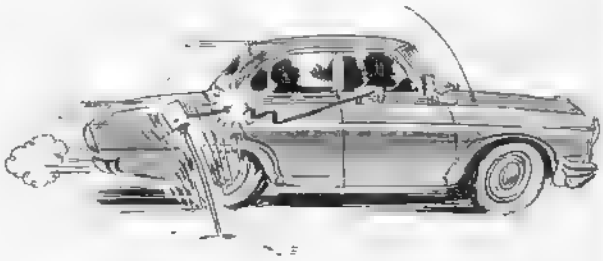


See the refreshment center.
Thats' what it's called at a Drive-In.
The owner has a cuter name for it.
He calls it a "Gold Mine".
See the people eating.
Eat, people, eat.
Chomp, slurp, gulp.
Doesn't it remind you of feeding time at the zoo?
Only the animals have better table manners.
These people eat as if this is their last meal.
Considering the quality of the food,
For many of them—it is!

LESSON 7.

See the speaker.
Every car has a speaker.
See the angry man.
Grrr! Grrr! Grrr!
The angry man is smashing the speaker!
Why is the man so angry?
Because the movie he is watching is called
"Gidget Goes Crazy"...
And, unfortunately, his speaker works!

LESSON 8.



See the funny man.
He has made a funny mistake.
He has driven off...
But he has forgotten to remove his speaker
from his car door.
The speaker wire has snapped...
And the man is driving home with the speaker.
Ha! Ha! Ha!
But some speaker wires are very strong.
When drivers forget to remove these speakers
from their car doors,
They drive home without these speakers.
They also drive home without their doors!

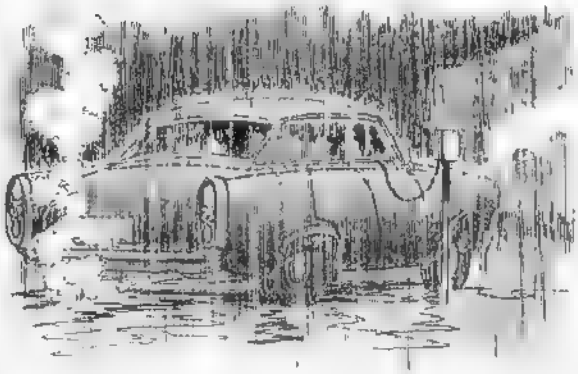
LESSON 5.

See the Amusement Area.
See the children having fun.
Amusement Areas serve two valuable functions:
They allow youngsters to get rid of excess energy,
And they allow youngsters to play in the night air.
This usually leads to two important results:
Dirty pajamas . . .
And pneumonia!

LESSON 6.

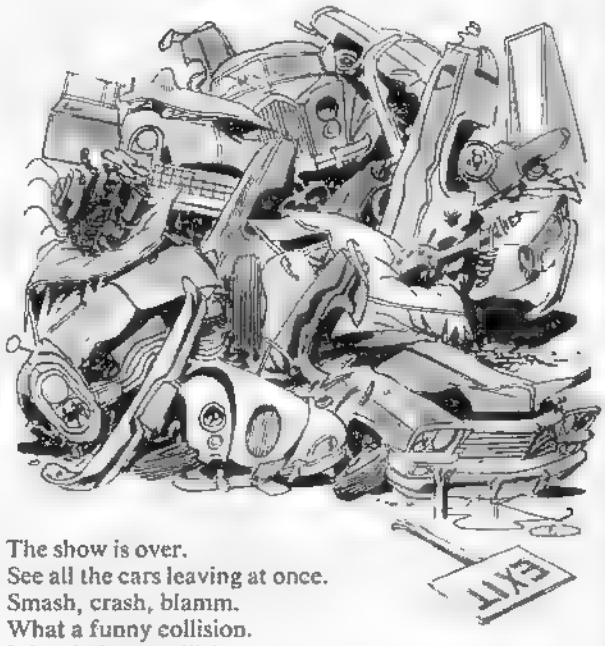
See the Drive-In Movie screen.
It tells you how many minutes to show time.
And how many minutes to the next announcement
Of how many minutes to show time.
It also tells you about the fabulous
Refreshment Center.
And Phil's Garage on Main Street.
And Ernie's Meat Market on Maple Avenue.
And Henry's Funeral Parlor on Elm Drive.
Aren't you glad you're not home watching TV
With all those lousy commercials?

LESSON 9.



See the rain come down.
Splish, splash, splosh.
See the windshield wipers working.
Flip, flap, flop.
Hear the defroster fans blowing.
Rrrr, rrr, rrr.
You can't beat a Drive-In Movie for a cheap evening.
It only costs $1.00 per person to get in.
Plus $4.85 . . .
For using up 15 gallons of gas
To keep the motor running
So the windshield wipers will work
And the defroster fans will blow
Without running down the battery.

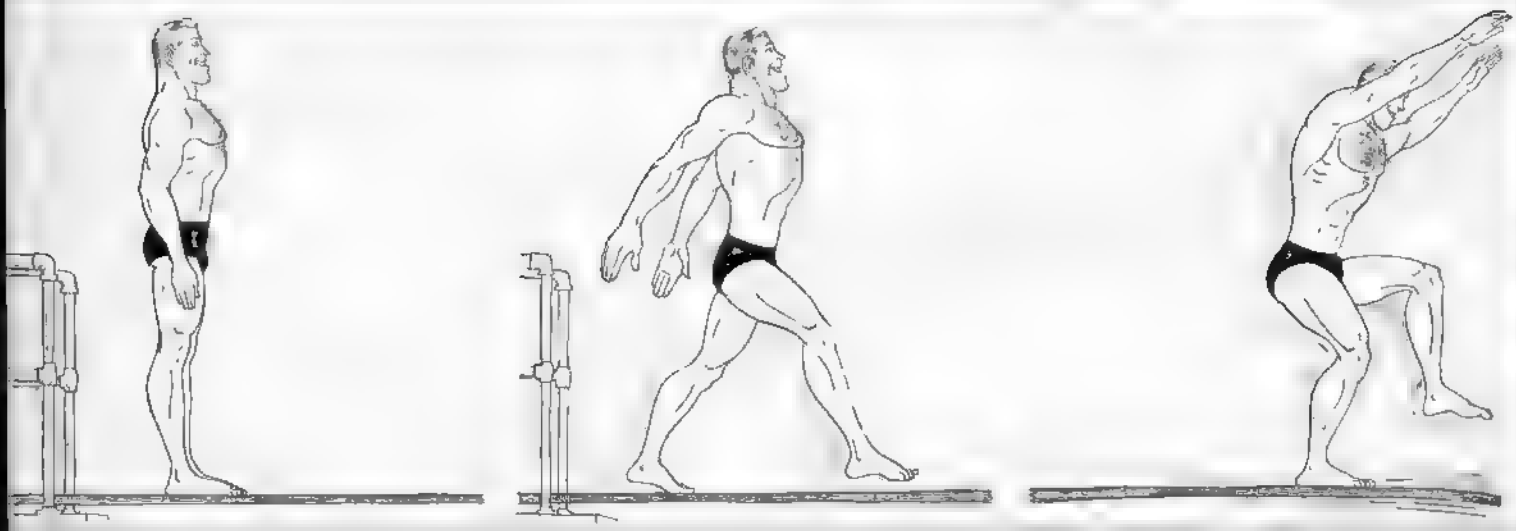
LESSON 10.

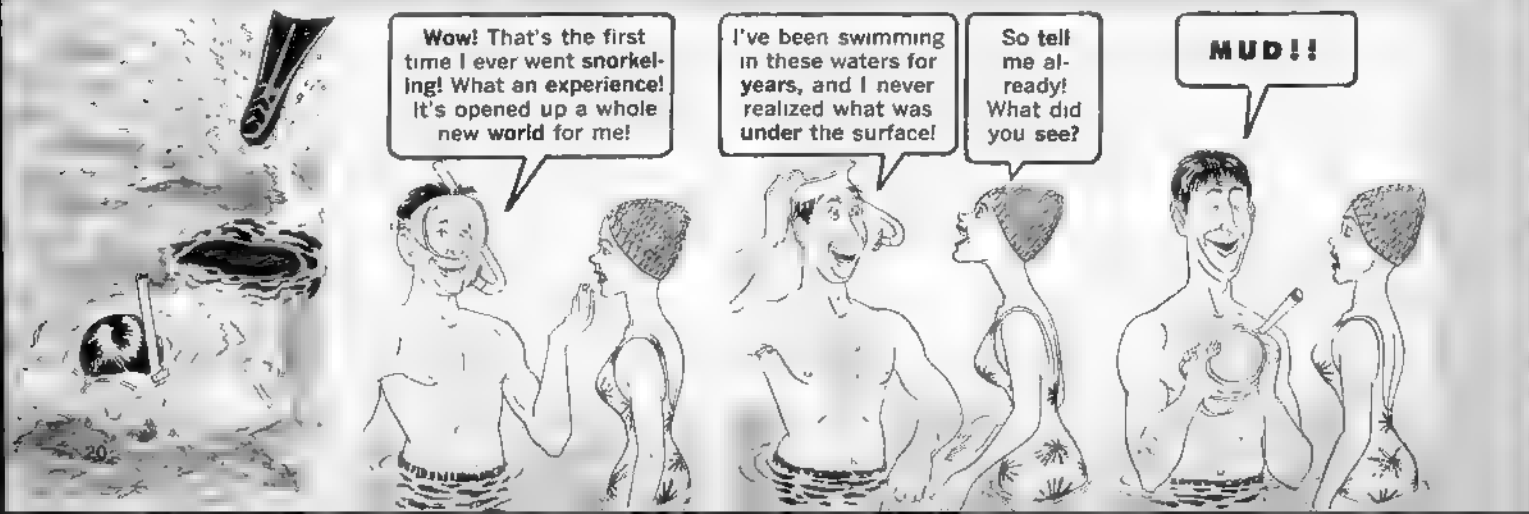


The show is over.
See all the cars leaving at once.
Smash, crash, blamm.
What a funny collision.
It is a 312-car collision.
Tomorrow the owner will close his Drive-In Theater.
In its place, he will open an auto junkyard.
He is off to a grand start.
Look at all the lovely merchandise he has.

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

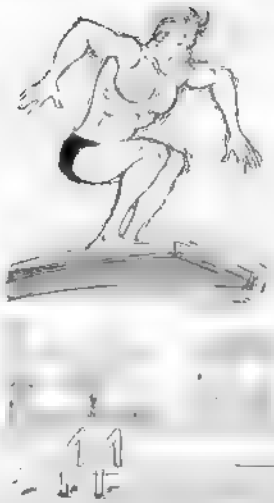
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF WATER

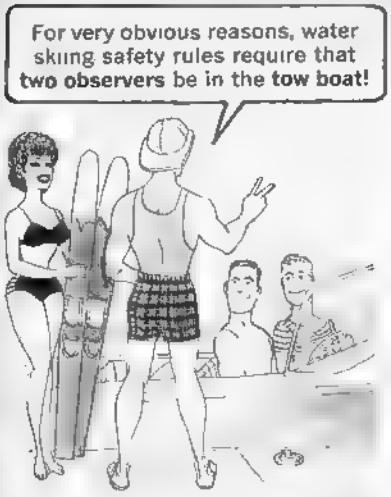


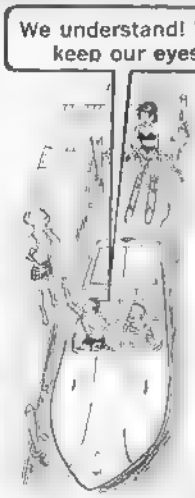


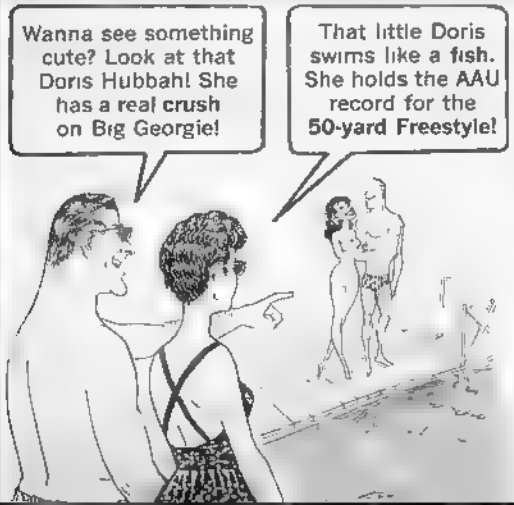
SPORTS

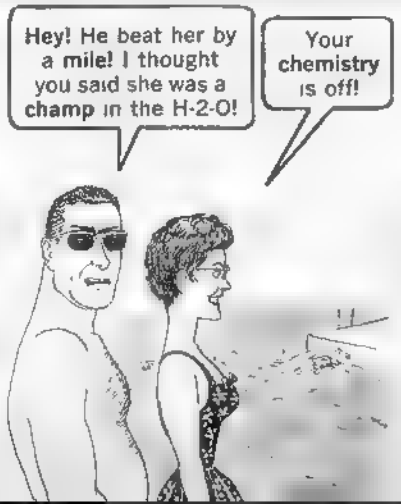
WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

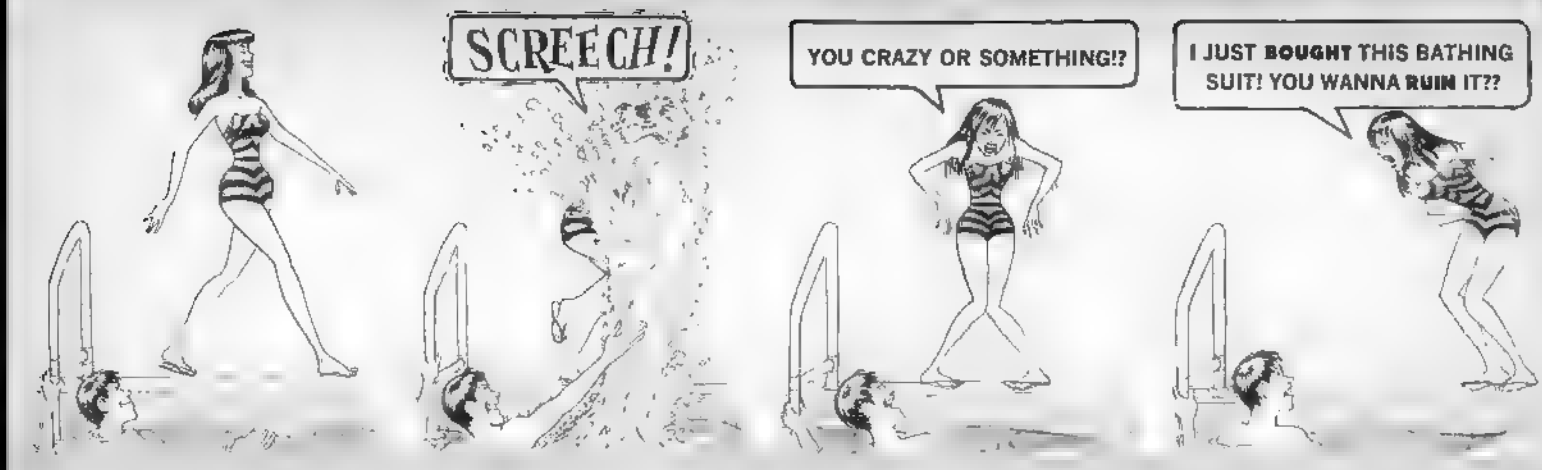




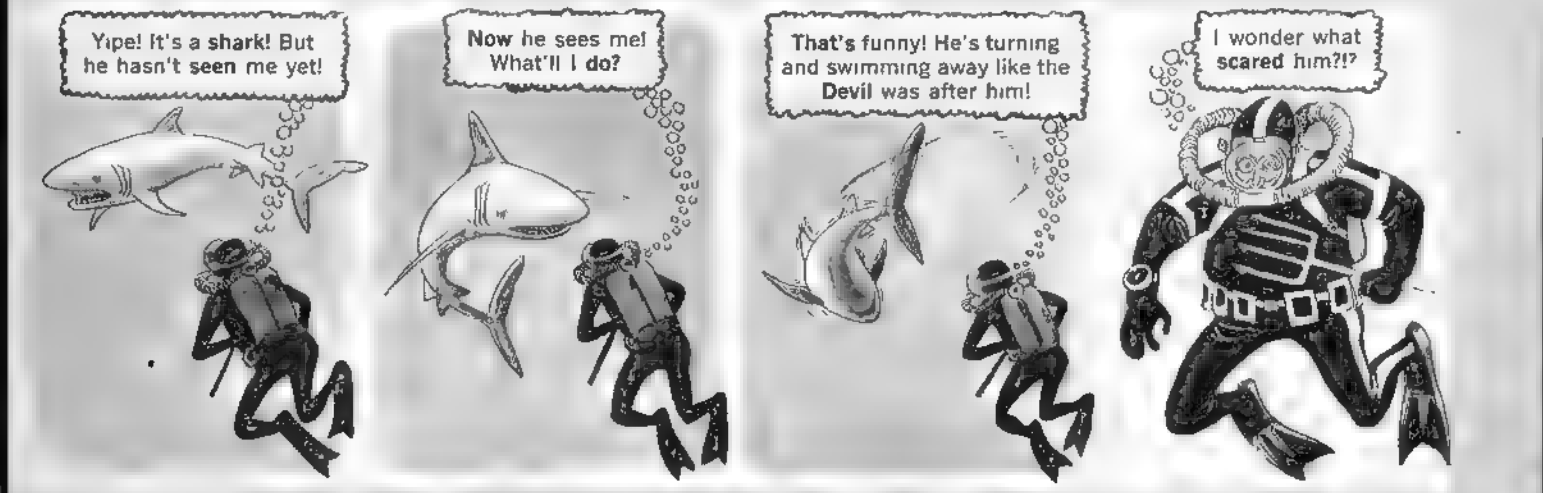


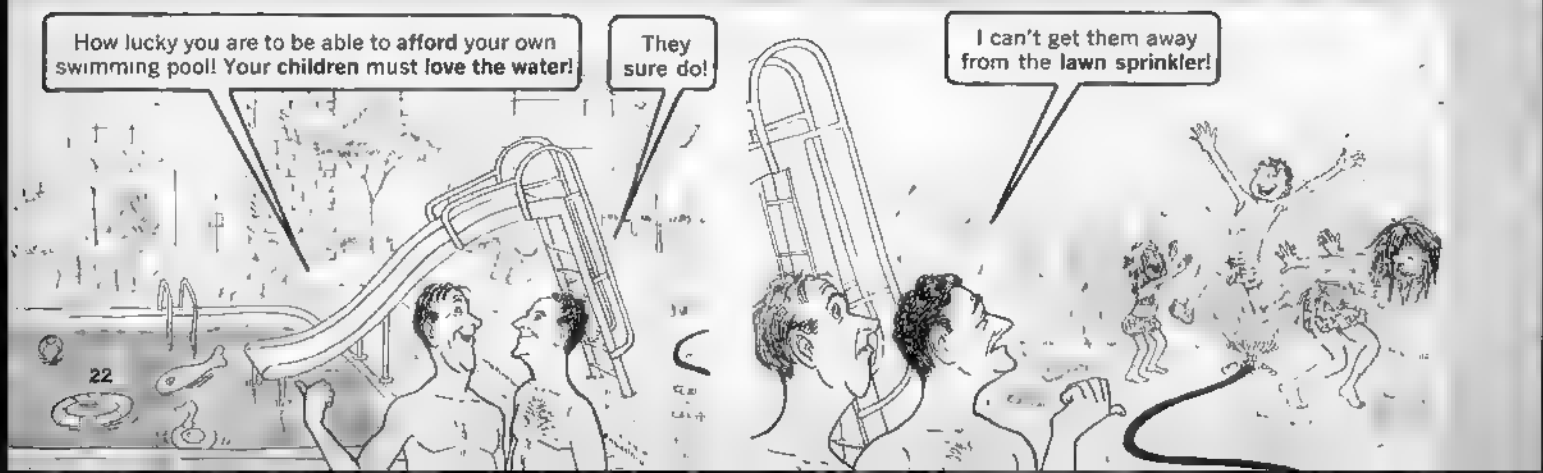





SCREECH!
YOU CRAZY OR SOMETHING!?
I JUST BOUGHT THIS BATHING SUIT! YOU WANNA RUIN IT??

This is the life!
What a week I put in! Every muscle in my body aches!
The sun is so nice and warm—the gentle lapping of the waves is so soothing . . .

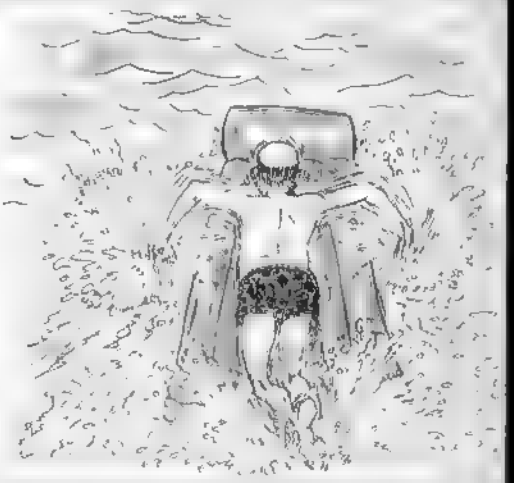

Yipe! It's a shark! But he hasn't seen me yet!
Now he sees me! What'll I do?
That's funny! He's turning and swimming away like the Devil was after him!
I wonder what scared him?!?

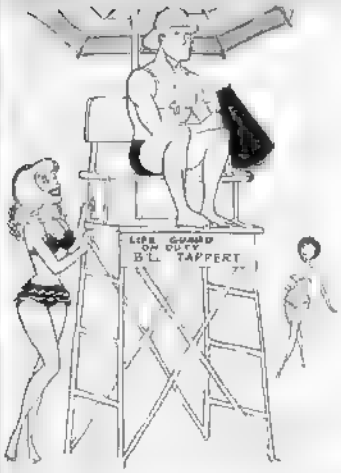

How lucky you are to be able to afford your own swimming pool! Your children must love the water!
They sure do!
I can't get them away from the lawn sprinkler!

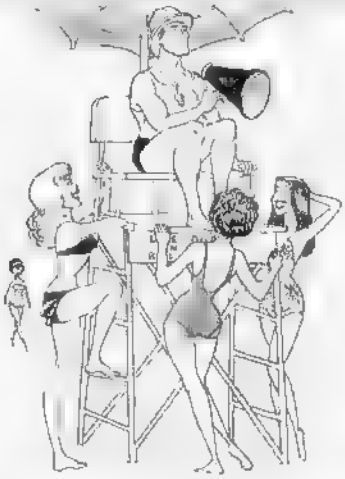
Hey, Dad! I just speared a big black fish! Look!

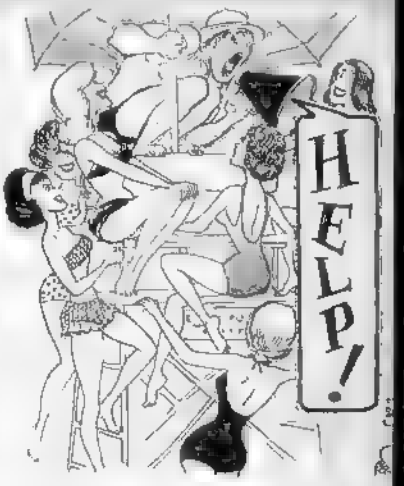
Here on this air-filled mattress I can rest my weary bones. Boy, nothing can make me move a muscle, I'm that bushed!

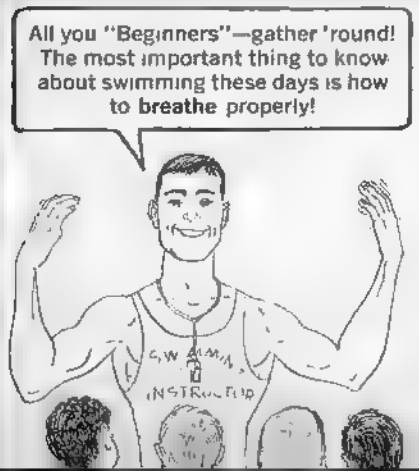
A - A - A - A - A - H - H !



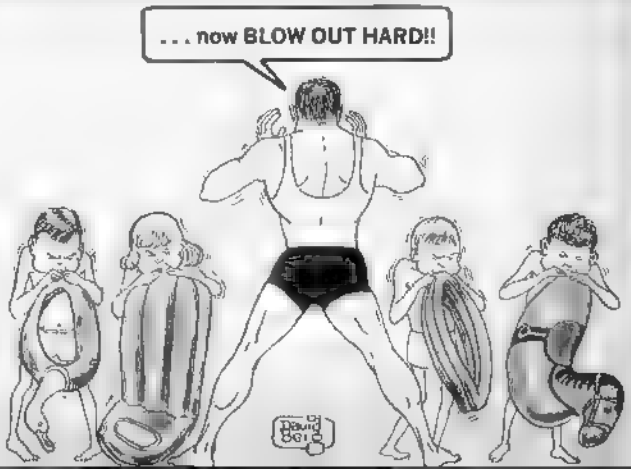

LIFE GUARD ON DUTY
BILL TAPPERT




HELP!


All you "Beginners"—gather 'round! The most important thing to know about swimming these days is how to breathe properly!
SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR

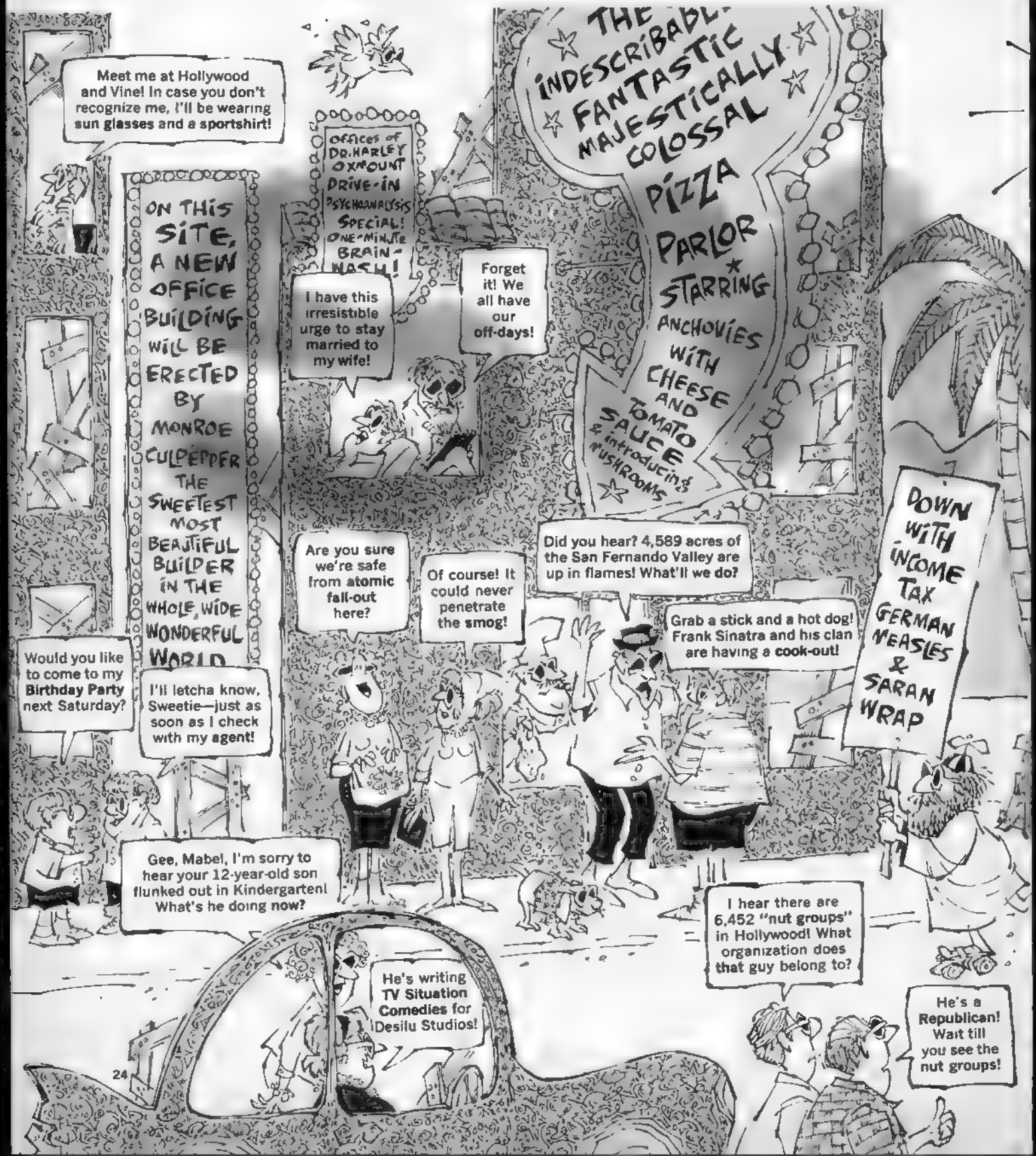
First . . . take a deep breath . . .
SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR


. . . now BLOW OUT HARD!!

TALK OF THE TOWN DEPT.

THE OF

If you happen to live in a foreign country, you probably know a great deal about America. That's because the United States spends a fortune on its Information Service to tell foreigners about the American-Way-Of-Life! But if you happen to be an American, you're stuck! There's no Information Service to explain America to Americans! Because of this state of affairs, we at MAD set up our own Information Service so you clod readers could find out what people are saying and doing around the U.S.A. So here we go with the 2nd installment of our continuing educational feature:



SIGHTS AND SOUNDS THE U.S.A.

THIS ISSUE—SPOTLIGHTING

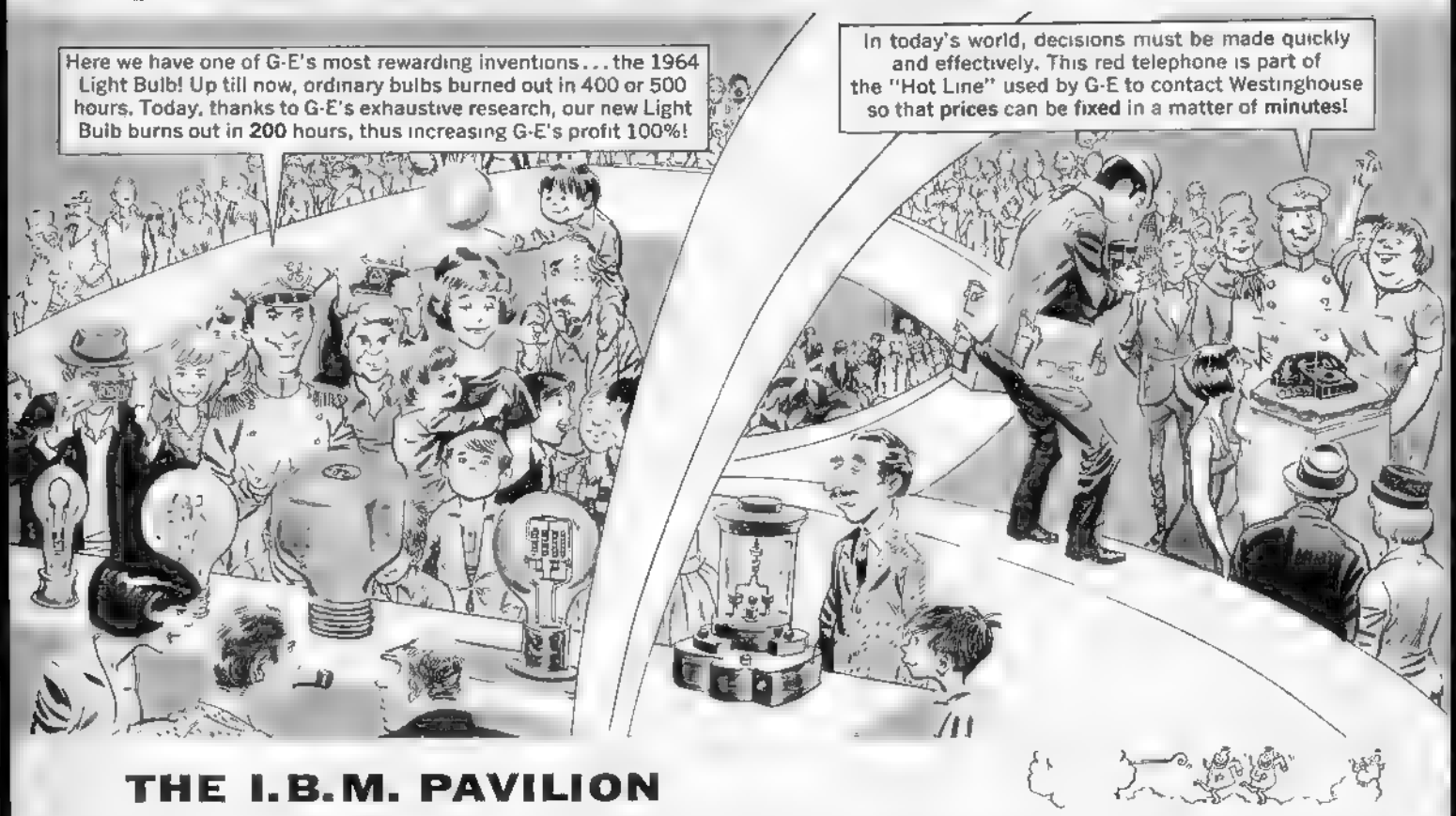
HOLLYWOOD California

WRITERS:
LARRY SIEGEL & FRANK JACOBS
ARTIST:
PAUL COKER JR.

One of the biggest events this year is the 1964-65 New York World's Fair. Frankly, it leaves us cold. Year in and year out, big organizations spend fortunes on advertising, telling us how great they are. So now comes a World's Fair, and they spend fortunes building pavilions to tell us the

WORLD'S FAIR PAVILIONS

THE GENERAL ELECTRIC PAVILION

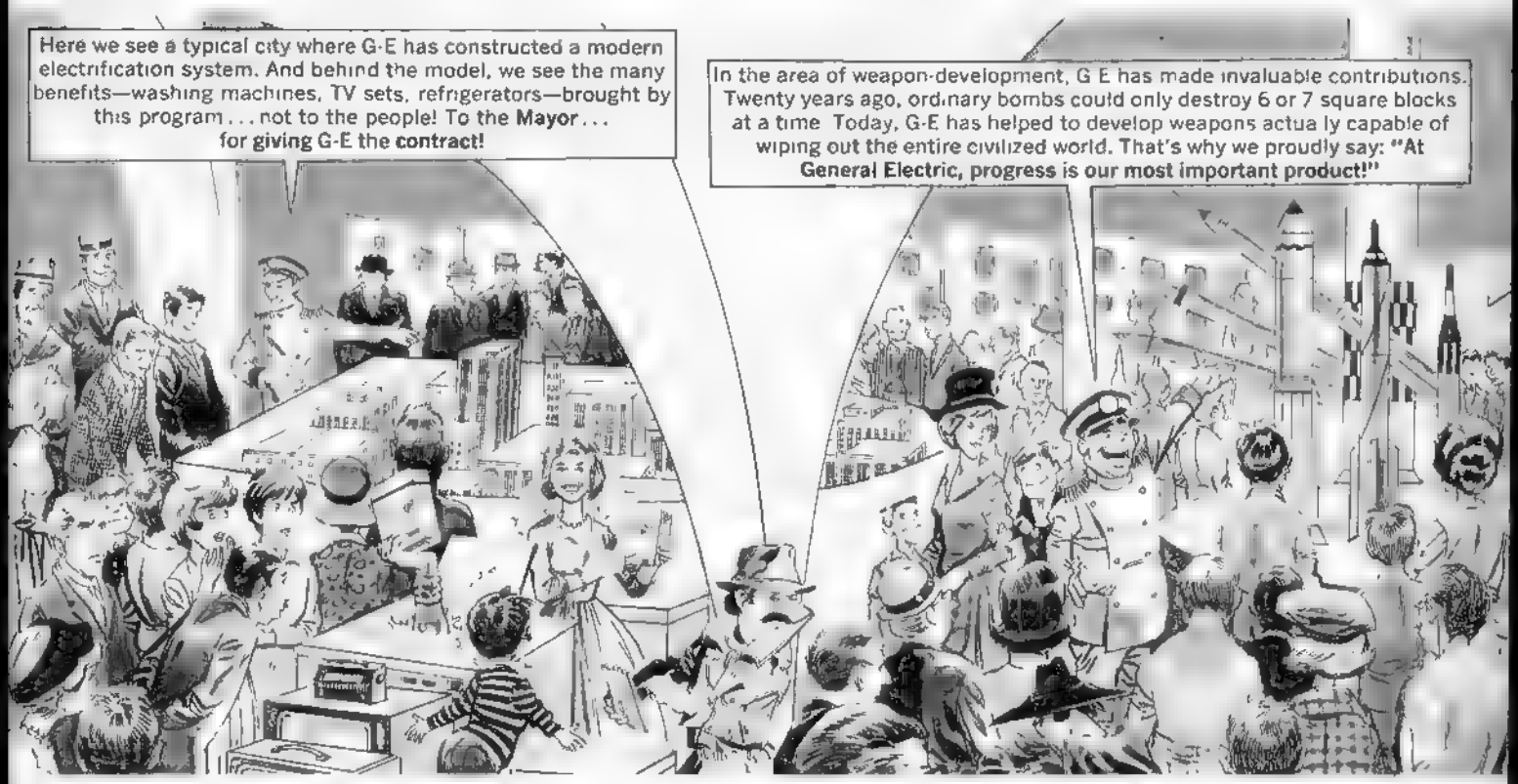


THE I.B.M. PAVILION

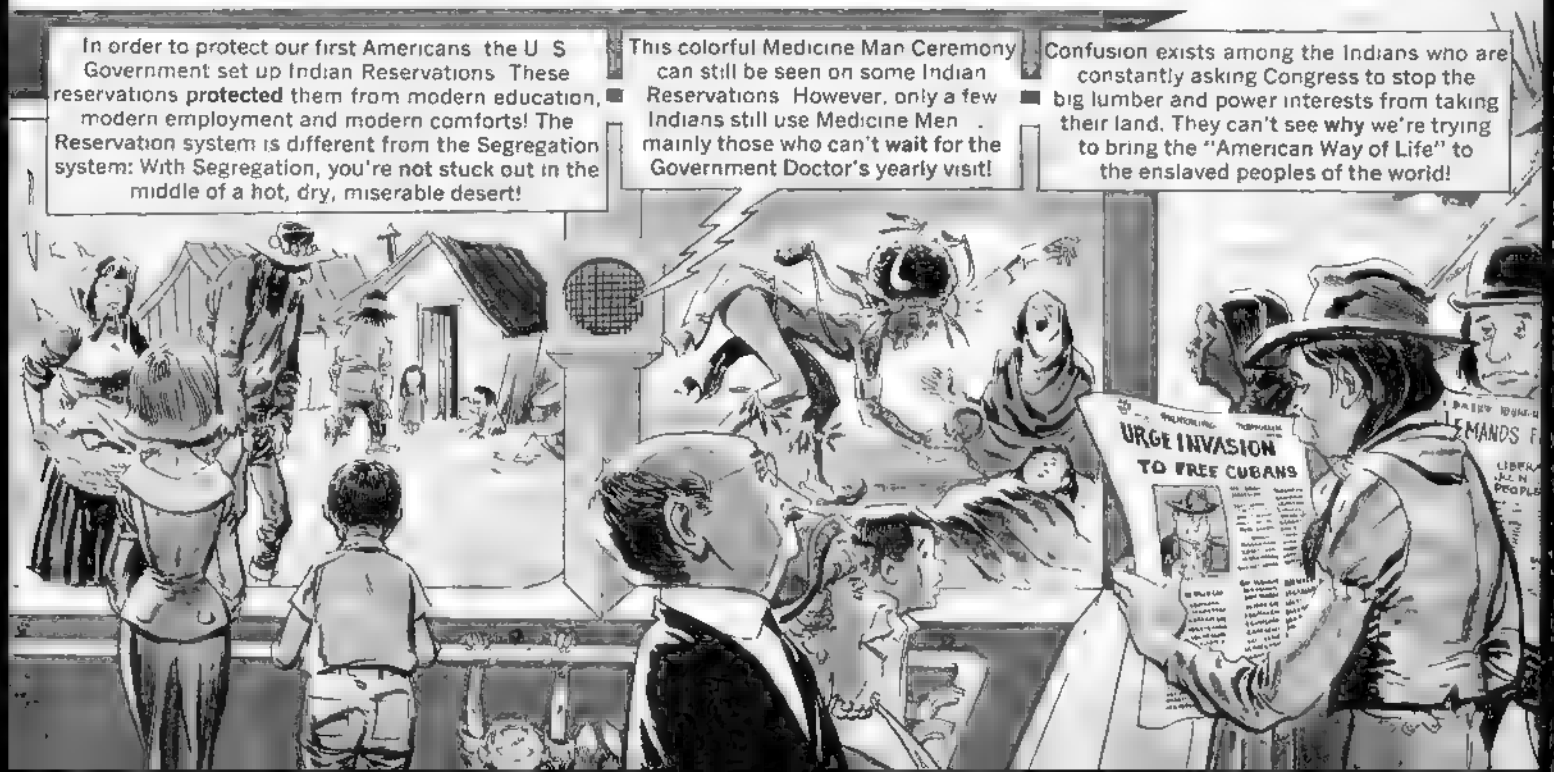
same thing all over again. What we'd like to see is a World's Fair with pavilions that tell us what advertising does *not*—namely, the *real story!* Since no big organization is going to spend millions to tell us what even *they* don't want to hear, MAD . . . public-spirited as we are . . . presents:

WE'D REALLY LIKE TO SEE

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: STAN HART



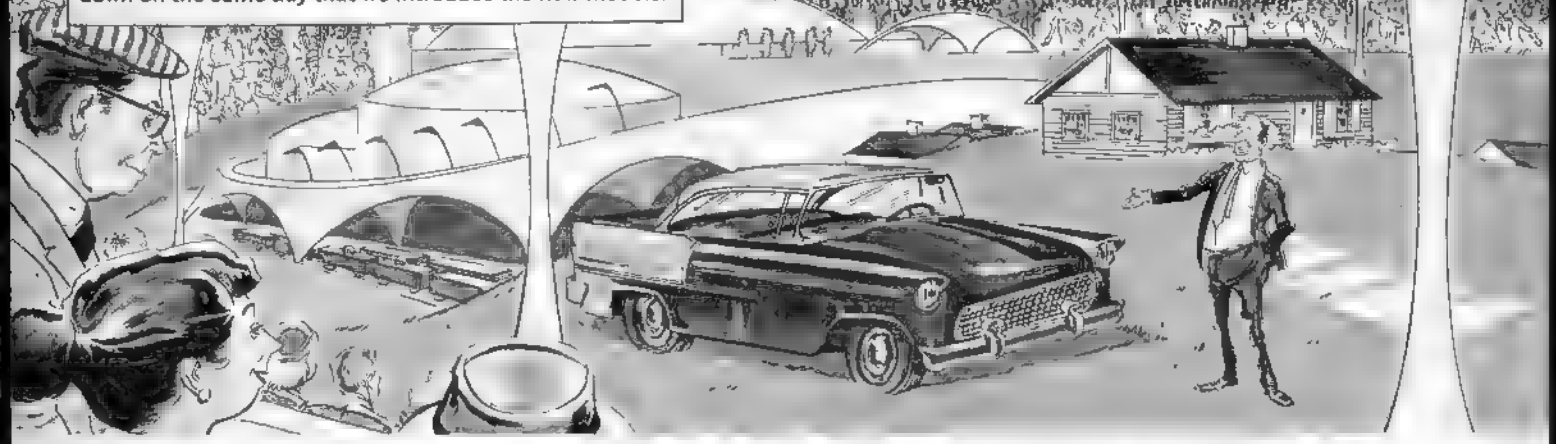
THE AMERICAN INDIAN VILLAGE



THE GENERAL MOTORS PAVILION

The General Motors Assembly Plant of the Future will truly be a technological miracle. Here, cars will be built with all the stress and strain points set scientifically—like tiny "time" pills—so obsolescence can be controlled to a precise time period. In this way, every G-M car will break down on the **same day** that we introduce the **new** models!

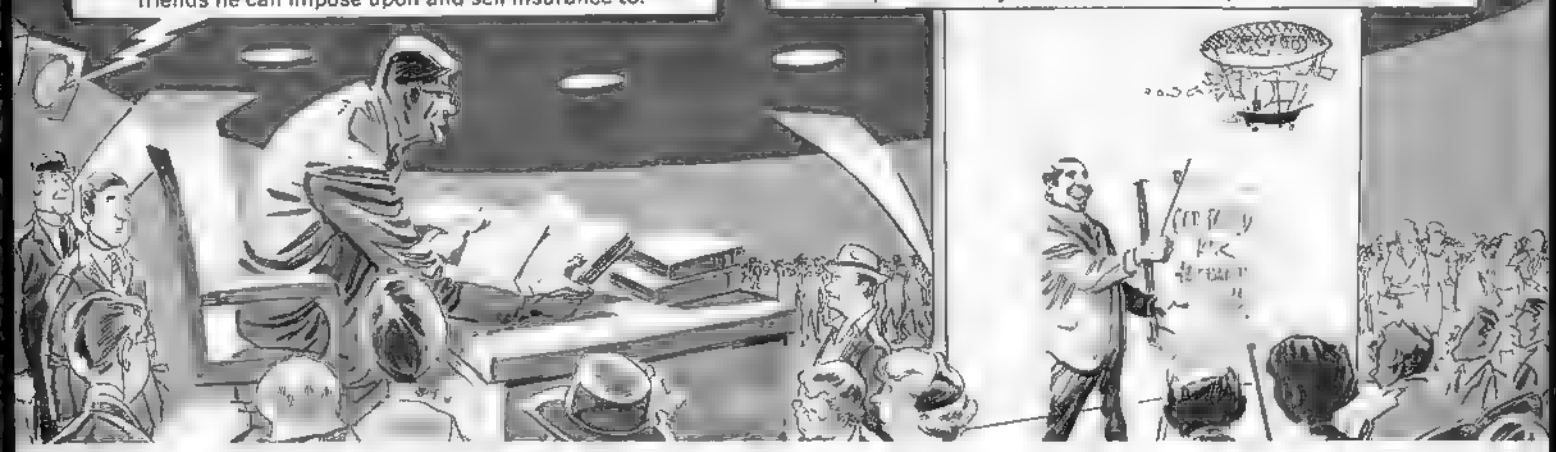
Now we are passing the home of a typical General Motors Car Owner. Where else but in America can a factory worker own his own car? Naturally, he had to finance it . . . but he's finally paid off the $2700 price—plus the $925 interest—and today he is the proud owner of a free-and-clear 1955 Chevrolet that's worth about **$75!**



THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO. PAVILION

Today's Travelers Insurance Agent is successful because he **studies** hard! Mainly, he studies his family tree, his college class yearbook, his grade school autograph album and his old address books . . . constantly searching for relatives and old friends he can impose upon and sell insurance to!

To be a good insurance man, an agent must graduate from the Travelers Agent's School. Here we see an important class in session. The prospective agents are learning to say over 500 phrases that mean "death" without actually saying the word. Here, they will also learn to preface every sentence with the expression "God forbid"!



THE CARIBBEAN PAVILION

Your neighbors to the South are a happy people who love celebrations. Here we see them gaily celebrating a cut in coffee prices . . . by burning the United States Embassy!

These soldiers are entrusted with the responsibility of protecting the President of their tiny Caribbean nation. Here we see the Presidential Guard doing target practice. Unfortunately . . . they are practicing on their President!

Here we see exactly **where** your automobile dollar goes when you buy a G-M car:

10¢ for Federal and State taxes—in a good year! Naturally, in a bad year we don't pay any taxes!

15¢ for Labor! However, if Labor goes up 10%, we raise this 20% to cover it!

10¢ for distribution costs and profits! Don't feel sorry for us! We make it up in replacement parts!

20¢ for raw materials! Actually, we own most of the raw materials, so this is profit, too!

20¢ for re-tooling for new models that will make your present car look obsolete!

25¢ for advertising to make you feel ashamed to be driving a car that's almost a whole year old!

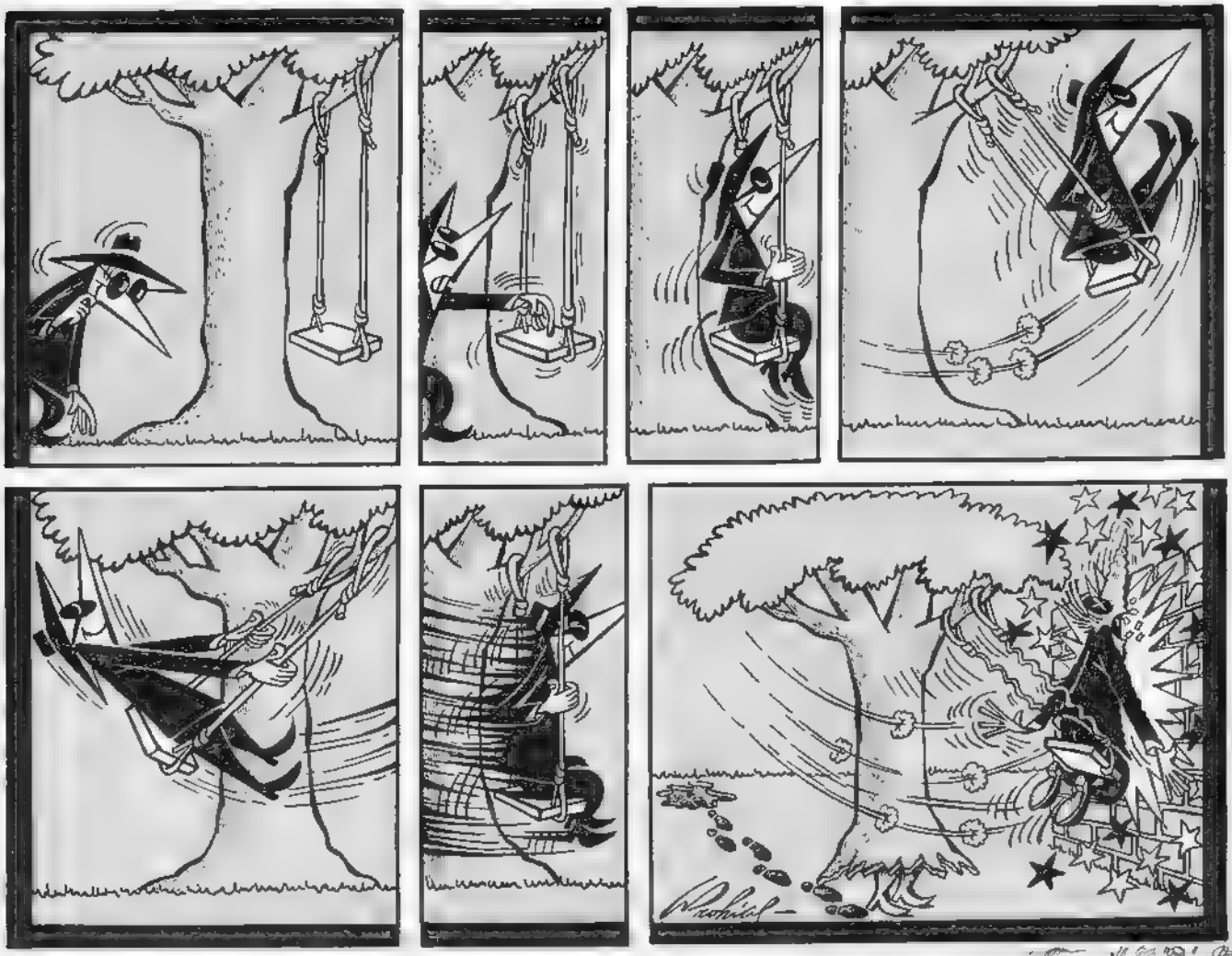
Here we see a Travelers Insurance Examiner at the scene of an accident. It's his job to "examine" . . . **not** the accident, but the **small print** on the insurance policy. The Examiner is explaining that the client is not covered under his particular policy because he failed to give the required two weeks notice **prior** to having the accident!

This scene shows a Travelers Agent leaving, after selling a $25,000 policy to this young husband. Notice how **happy** the wife is—she now knows she's protected! Notice how **disturbed** the husband is—he now knows he's worth more dead than alive! But a Travelers Agent doesn't make a sale and forget about his client! Three days from now, he'll be back to try to convince the husband that his policy is obsolete and he needs a new one!

Formerly, 95% of the population of Caribbean countries was illiterate. But today, thanks to American Aid, even the little children can read and write . . . !

The economy of the Caribbean has advanced dramatically in recent years. Formerly, the poverty-stricken peasant was never aware of his country's wealth. Today, he sees it all around him . . . !

SPY VS SPY



OY-VAY ALL BOATS DEPT.

During the past few years, boats have zoomed in popularity, especially among people who like traveling on the water. Right now, all over the country, it's launching time, and millions of boat-owners are frantically scraping and sanding and painting and hammering . . . mainly around the house, doing the things their wives warned them better be done before they can go work on their boats. And so, while there's still time for most of them, MAD now proudly presents . . .

THE MAD GUIDE TO POWER BOATING

A PRACTICAL HANDBOOK ON ALL PHASES OF BOATING FROM THE DAY OF PURCHASE TO THE DAY OF SALE

(Often the same day!)

EDITORS' NOTE: Although we will endeavor to use terms in this handbook which will be familiar to the layman, or "landlubber", the use of some nautical terms—such as "water" and "boat" cannot be avoided.

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Chapter 1.

A GLOSSARY OF NAUTICAL TERMS

The two terms most commonly used in boating are "PORT" and "STARBOARD"

PORT—Facing the bow, "Port" is on your left. It is easy to remember: "Port" has "four" letters, and "Left" has "four" letters. So "Port" is "Left."

STARBOARD—Since there are only two sides on a boat, and Port is one of them, it is obviously clear that the other one is left. "Starboard" is left.

Other necessary Nautical Terms

AHEAD—The nautical term of "ajohn."

ASTERN—Without humor, i.e. "The Captain told no jokes. He was astern Captain."

AMIDSHIPS—This condition exists when you are completely surrounded by boats.

ANCHOR—What you display when you find you're completely surrounded by boats.

BERTH—The day on which you were born.

BUNK—Phony sea story.

BUOY—A buoy is the floating device you always smash into when trying to avoid the submerged obstacle the buoy is there to warn you about.

CHANNEL MARKER—Tells you which station you're tuned into on your TV set.

DINGHY—The sound of a ship's bell, i.e. "Dinghy-Dinghy—Dinghy-Dinghy."

DISPLACEMENT—Accidental loss, i.e. When you dock your boat and later you can't find it again, you've displaced it.

DOCK—Nickname for a medical man.

EDDY—Nelson's last name.

HEAVE-HO—What you do when you get seasick, and you've eaten too much ho.

HITCH—The thing to look for when a millionaire invites you on his boat... especially if you're a female!

KEEL—What your wife does to you when she finds you've bought a boat!

LAUNCH—The meal eaten aboard a boat at about noontime.

MOOR—Amount of people needed for a boat-party, like "The moor, the merrier!"

OAR—When you have a choice, like "This... oar that!"

PORTHOLE—A hole in the left side of a boat—or is it the right side?

QUARTER-DECK—The floor on a cheap boat, which cost about 25¢ to install.

SHOAL—Worn by female sailors on chilly nights.

TIDE—A commercial detergent.

SUPERSTRUCTURE—A structure that's a lot better than the one on your boat.

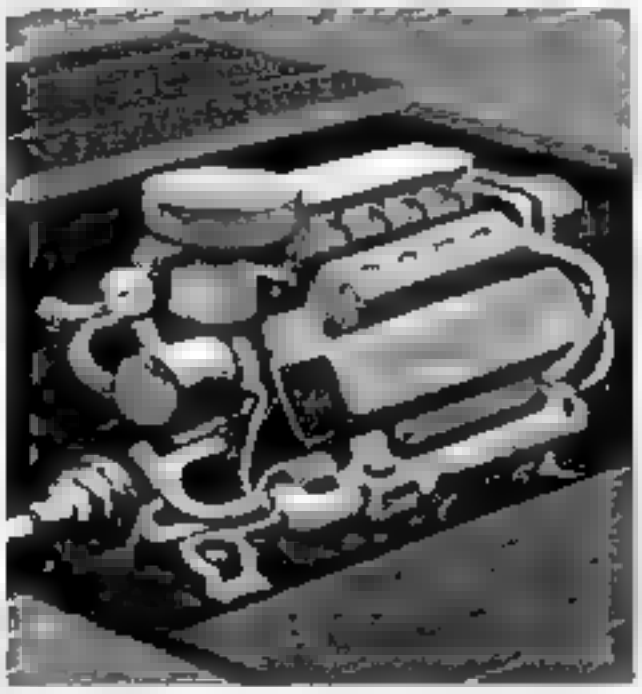
WAKE—What friends attend when you've been careless with your boat.

Chapter 2.

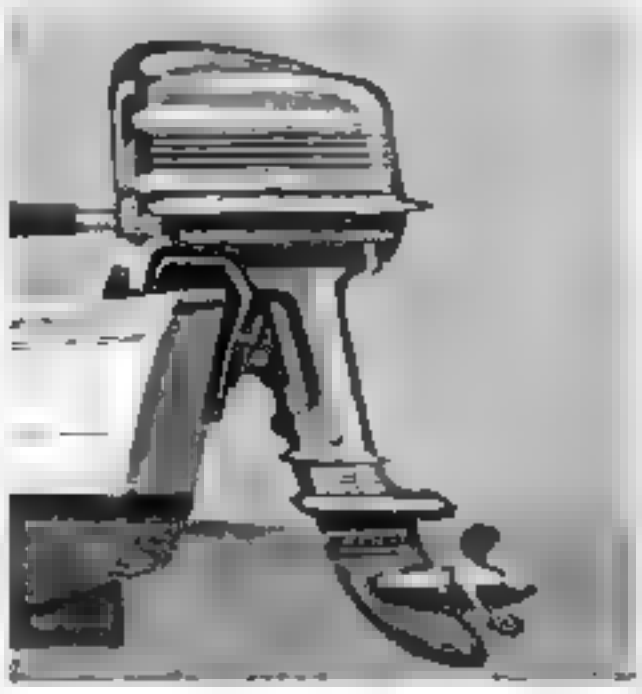
POWER BOAT ENGINES

There are three types of power boat engines. Here are outside views of each type:

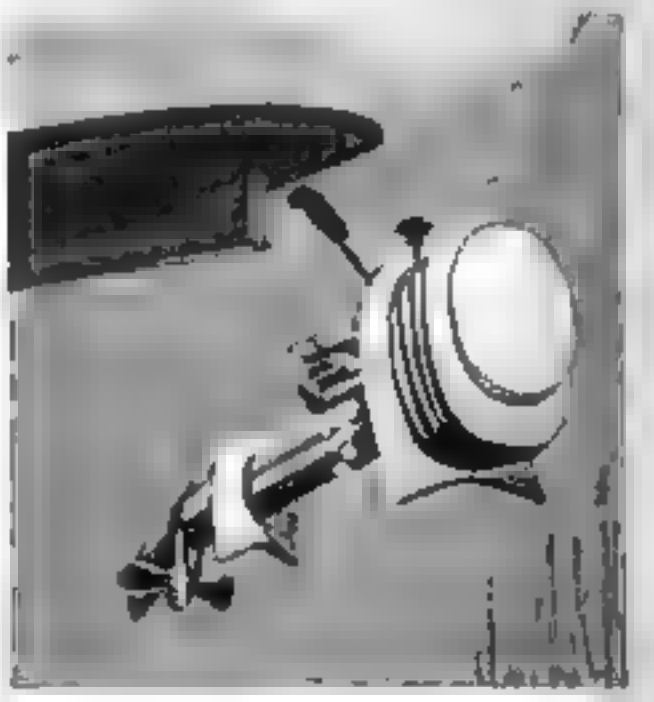
INBOARD ENGINE



OUTBOARD ENGINE



OVERBOARD ENGINE



TECHNICAL DATA

A power boat engine is very similar to an automobile engine, except for the fact that if you try stepping outside to fix it, you risk the possibility of drowning.

TROUBLE SHOOTING

A power boat engine is a complicated affair, so you'll have trouble if you start shooting it. However, if an engine fails to operate, check the following things:

A. Check tanks to see if you're out of gas.

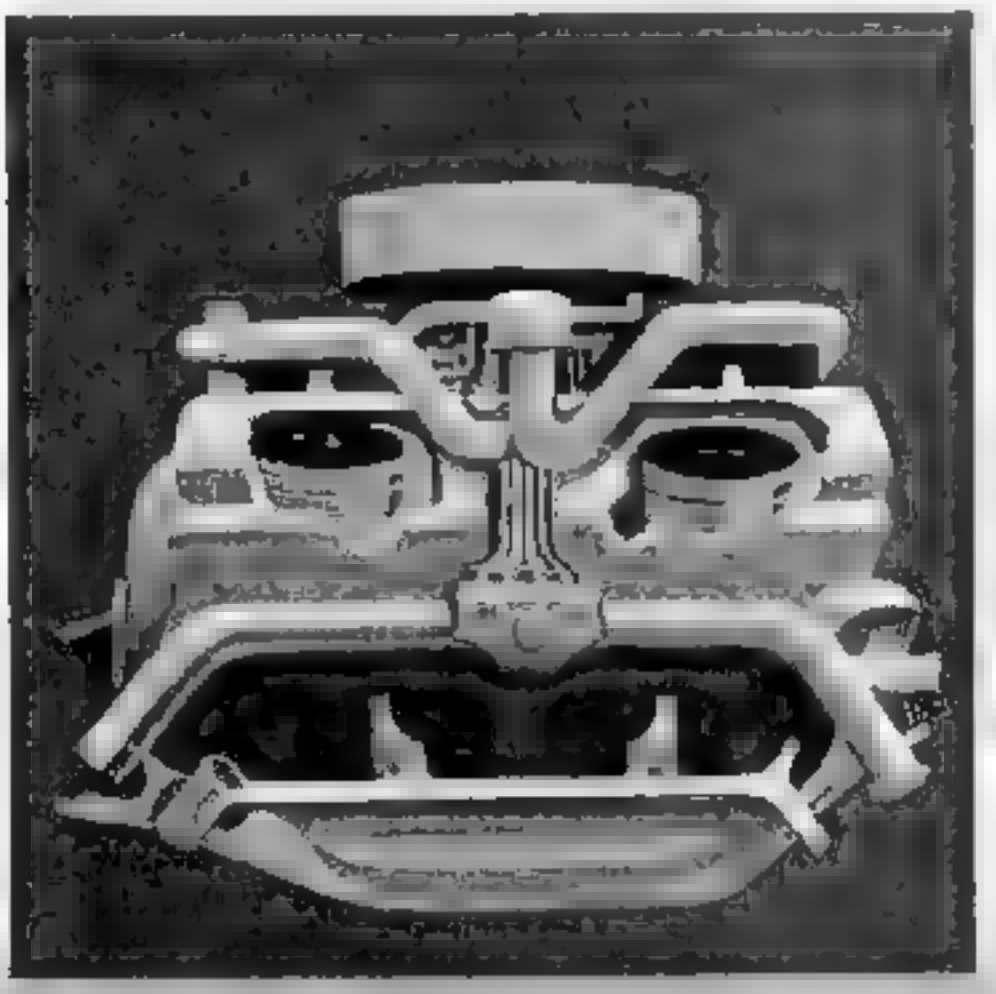
B. Check bilge to see if the engine fell out.

C. Check to see if you've hit an underwater obstacle, such as a live mine.

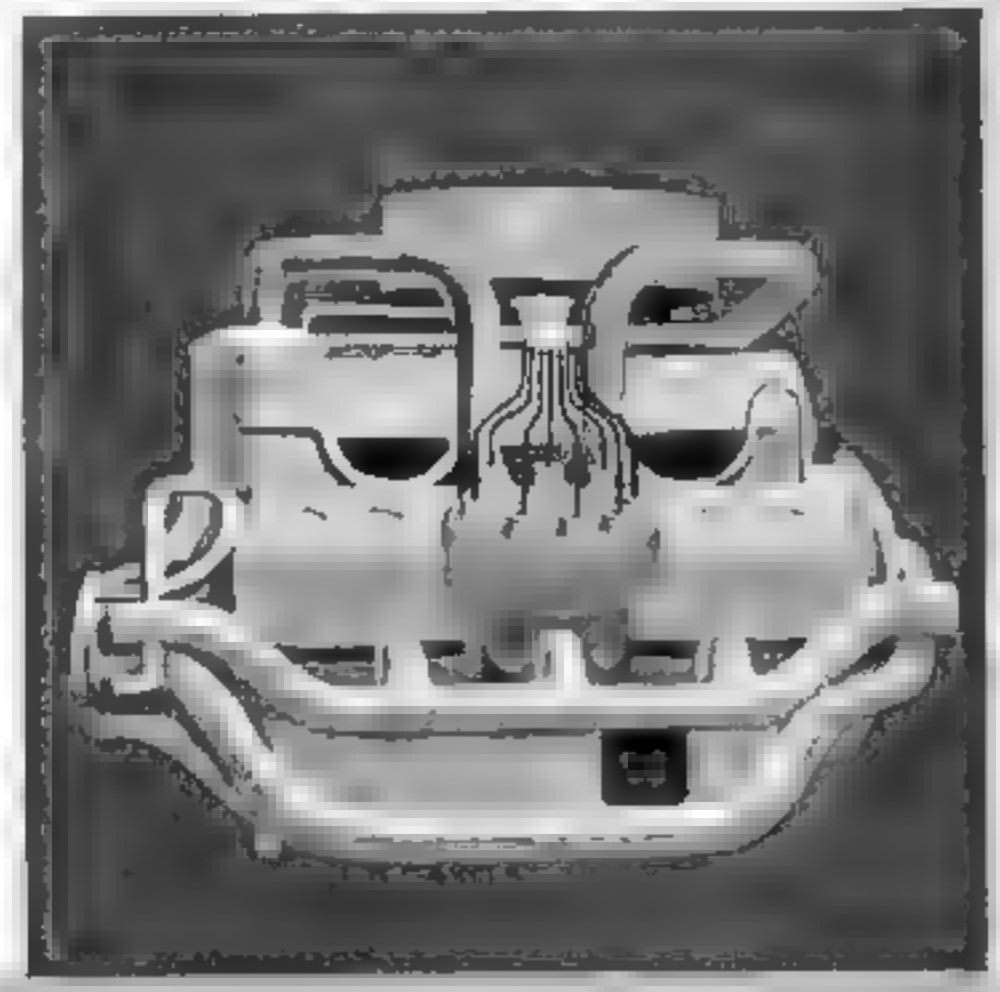
And most important of all . . .

D. Check to see if maybe it's a sailboat, and you don't even *have* an engine!

CROSS-SECTION OF POWER BOAT ENGINE



HAPPY-SECTION OF POWER BOAT ENGINE



Chapter 3.

AIDS TO NAVIGATION

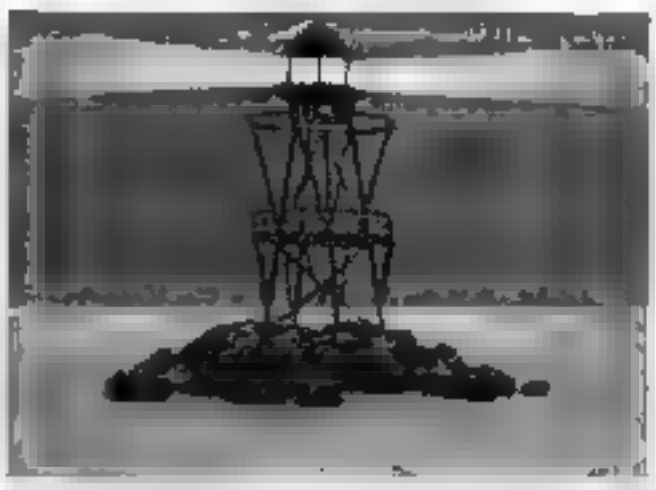
LIGHTHOUSES

Lighthouses are signal stations operated manually or automatically by which mariners determine an exact position. It is not known how the term "lighthouse" originated, but it is a misnomer since most weigh several hundred tons.

Coastal Light

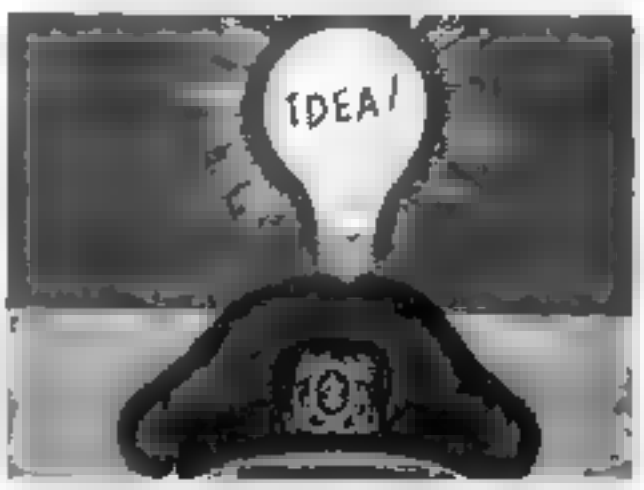
Signifies Dangerous Coastline

Island Light



Signifies Treacherous Shoals

Comic Light



Signifies Terrific Idea

BUOYS AND CHANNEL MARKERS

There are several types of buoys and channel markers but they all have one thing in common: They float. Because if they sank, boat owners would have a heck of a job sailing between them to stay in the safe channel they mark.

Light Buoy

Look for flashing lights when you approach these.

Whistle Buoy

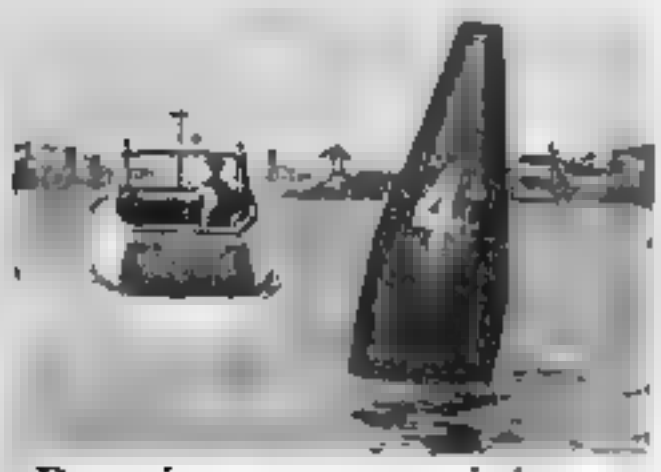
Listen for sounding horns when you approach these.

Bell Buoy

Listen for awful curses when you don't tip these.

Buoys are painted various colors. Boat owners should know what each color means.

Red Buoy

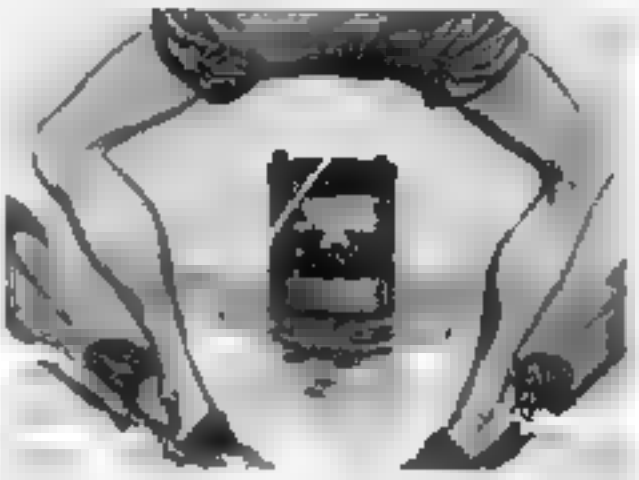


Pass it on your right as you enter any inlet, bay or channel from seaward.

Black Buoy

Pass it on your left as you enter any inlet, bay or channel from seaward.

Red And Black Buoy

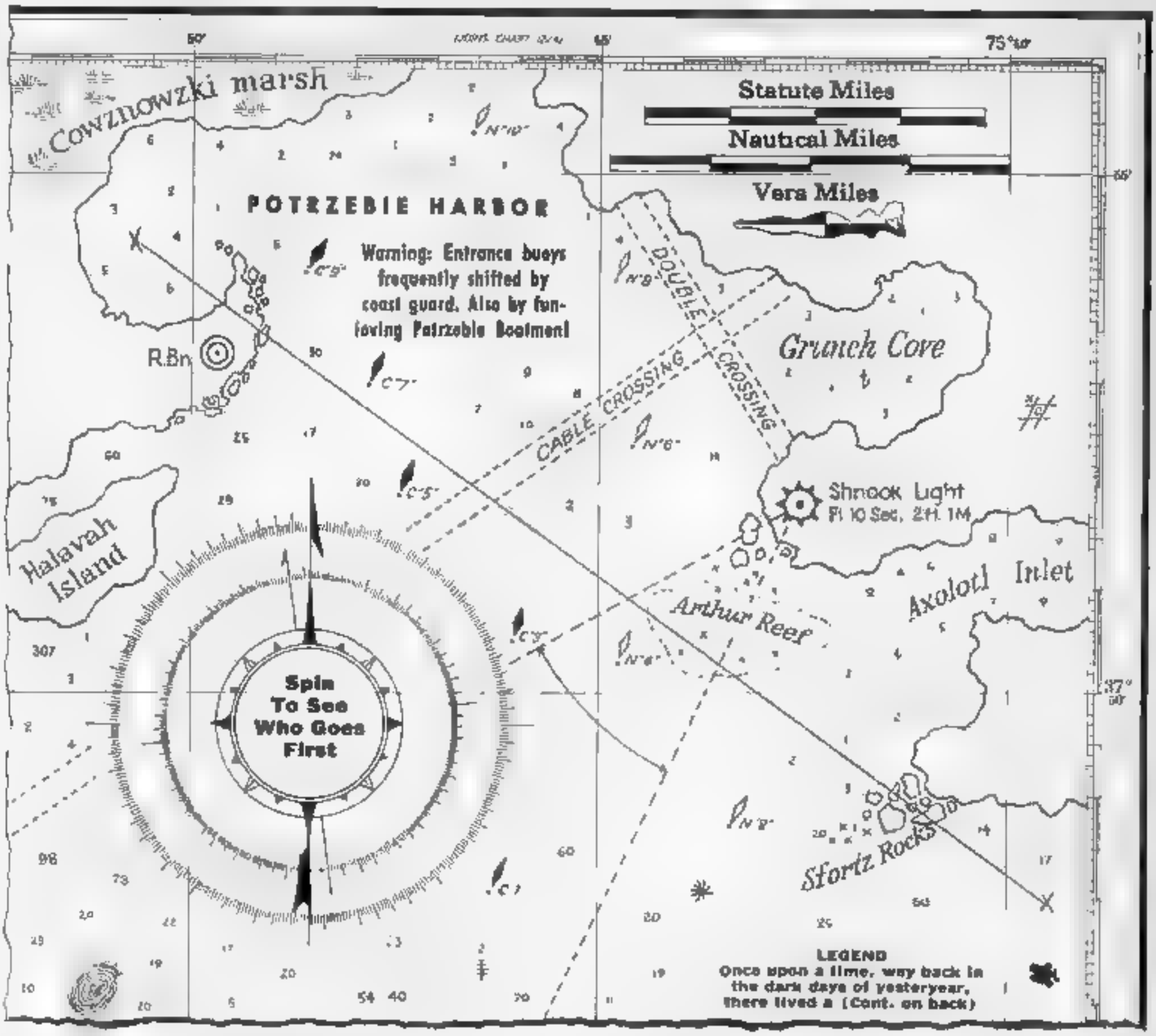


Pass it on your left — No, your right! No, your lef — No! Smash into it!

Chapter 4.

CHARTS

Below is a section of a nautical chart with a key to the more important symbols.



KEY TO SYMBOLS

- Red Buoy
- Black Buoy
- R Bn Radio Beacon
- Lighthouse
- Squashed Bug
- Mustard Stain
- Your Turn To Go
- Sloppy Mad Artist

PLOTTING YOUR COURSE

A. Place an "X" on chart at your starting point.
B. Place an "X" on chart at desired destination.
C. Draw a straight line connecting the two "X's".
D. Estimate distance using map's scale of miles.
E. Estimate amount of gas needed to go distance.
F. Estimate time of arrival—and then forget it!
G. Estimate cost of damage to boat following a course plotted in a straight line, which took you over land, into rocks, through mine areas.

Chapter 5.
ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT

Most people feel electronic equipment such as marine-band radios, ship-to-shore telephones, direction finders, depth recorders, radar, etc. belong only on large yachts. This is wrong. Even the smallest power boat can be equipped with these useful additions. Note the small boat above, without any electronic equipment, shown here caught in a sudden violent storm . . . Note this similar small boat below, caught in the same violent storm, but completely equipped with electronic devices, shown here in the protected waters of its home marina. Not only did its electronic devices forecast the sudden storm, but all that weight kept the boat securely on the bottom.

Chapter 6.

RIGHT-OF-WAY

In boating, a sailboat always has the right of way over a power boat. It is simple to understand why. A sailboat has less control than a powerboat. Above, we see a sailboat challenging the right of way over the *Queen Mary*.

Below, we see that the *Queen Mary* has actually stopped! The Captain of the *Queen* is observing two rules of the sea: 1. Sailboats have the right-of-way over power boats, and 2. It is impossible to move a big power boat when debris — like that of a crushed sailboat — is caught in the propellers!

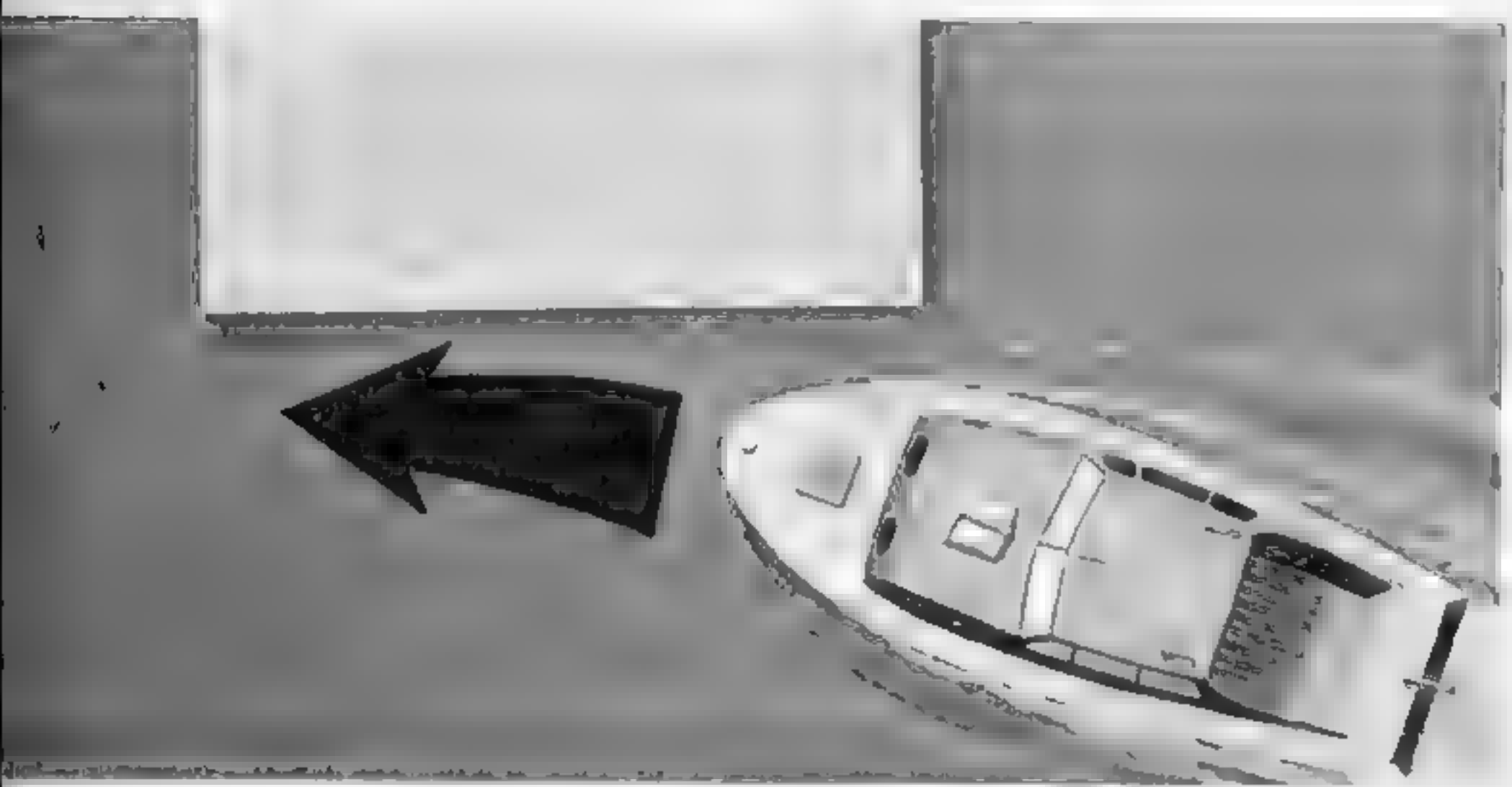
Chapter 7.

APPROACHING A DOCK

WRONG WAY

There is a right way and a wrong way to approach a dock. Above, we see the wrong way, mainly because the boat is approaching the dock from the land side. This is not only hard on the boat, it's also rough on the grass!

RIGHT WAY



Here is the right way to approach a dock. Naturally, common sense and judgment will have to be relied upon in many cases, as not all bodies of water have them large black floating arrows for the boat owner to follow.

Chapter 8.

ANCHORING

WRONG WAY

Knowing how to anchor a boat is very important. Here we see a boat owner heaving the anchor overboard. Notice coil of rope at his feet. In 90% of cases, this rope will snag his feet, pulling him overboard with the anchor.

RIGHT WAY

Here again the anchor is being heaved overboard, but this time the rope has been cleverly disconnected from the anchor as a precaution. Now, there is hardly any chance that the boat owner will be pulled overboard after anchor.

Chapter 9.

EMERGENCIES

MAN OVERBOARD

Determine who fell over, review your attitude toward him as quickly as possible, and decide if you want to rescue him.

If you decide to rescue him, throw a life saver overboard immediately. At a critical time like this, any flavor will do.

Pull victim aboard, and give artificial respiration. Don't let on it's artificial, as victim may ask for the real thing.

LEAKS

If your boat springs a small leak, it is easy to bail out the water with a small pail or sponge. A larger leak calls for an electric pump. However, should you be unfortunate enough to take on a huge amount of water, you may find it necessary to remove a floorboard or two to let it pour out.

FOG

Boating in fog is very difficult. The biggest trouble is the fact that fog never occurs on a clear day when you have the advantage of being able to see it. All that can be recommended are the usual safety precautions . . . Button up your overcoat—Get to bed by 8—Take good care of yourself . . .

FIRE ON BOARD

Decide what type of fire it is: Is it electrical? Is it inflammable liquid? Is it grease? Is it wood?

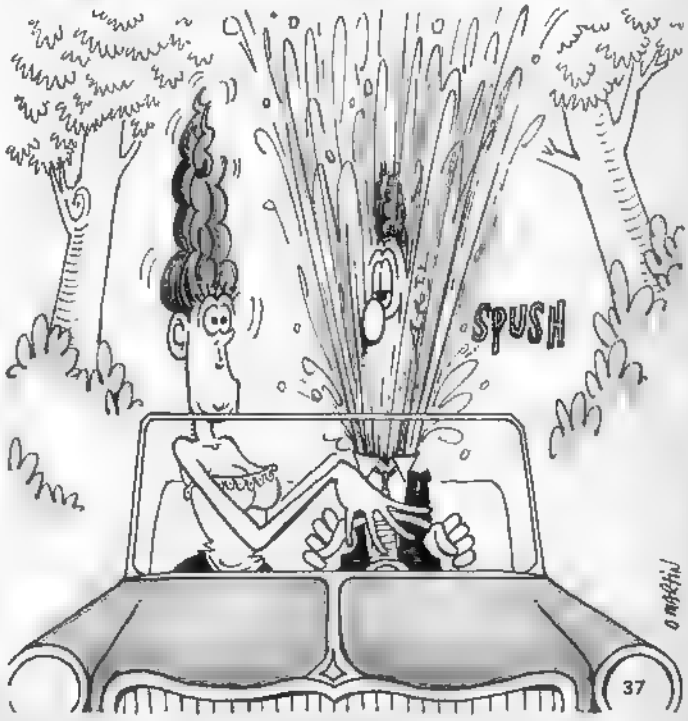
Decide where the fire is: Is it in the cabin? Is it in the bilge? Is it in the engine compartment?

Decide what type of fire extinguisher to use: Dry chemical? Carbondioxide foam? Liquid? Some spit?

Now plan to drop by dealer and decide what type of new boat you want, since you spent much too much time deciding how to go about saving your old one.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ONE FINE EVENING IN LOVERS' LANE



STRIP TEASERS DEPT.

Recently, MAD invited some wonderful guys—comic strip artists we've kidded in the past, but whom we secretly admire — to let down their hair and join in the fun. What we did was ask them to draw the "Comic Strip Of Their Dreams"—the type of strip they'd really like to be doing instead of the one they do every day. And here is their response — as

Some Famous Cartooni

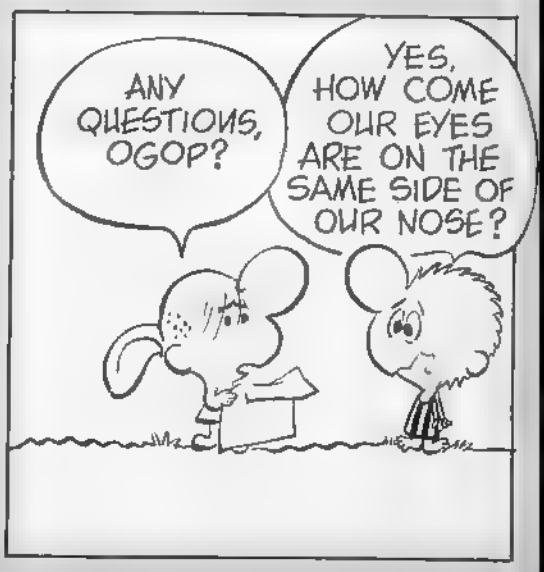
COMIC STRIPS T

CHARLES M. SCHULZ—creator of *"PEANUTS"*

"This is the sort of comic strip I have secretly longed to do. When one is involved in drawing a strip like "Peanuts," which demands so much research and has such detailed characterization, intricate backgrounds, ornate costuming and complicated plots, one naturally looks with envy upon those who draw simple strips. I sometimes spend hours on one particular panel in order to achieve just the right lighting and action and dramatic effect. By drawing a much simpler type of strip, I would also be able to give up having to use reference photos and pose live models."

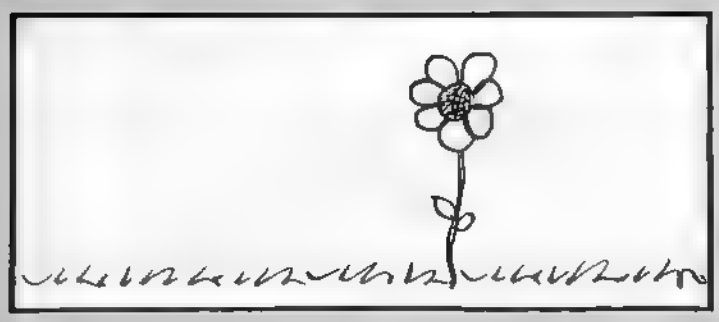
WALT KELLY—creator of *"POGO"*

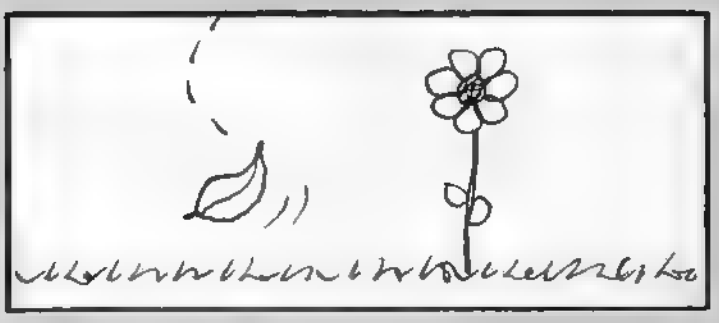
"Here's the kind of thing I'd like to be doing—a comic strip that depends on straight and accurate drawing—like Mell Lazarus's 'Miss Peach'!"

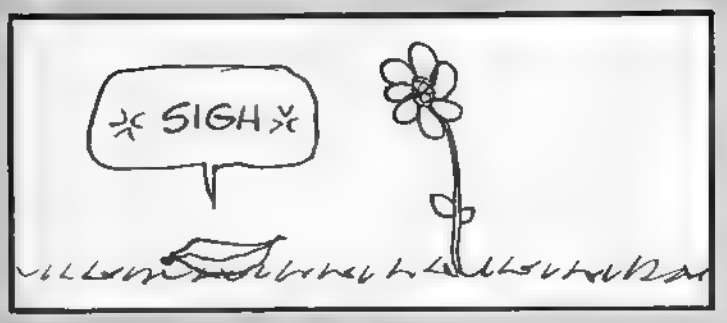


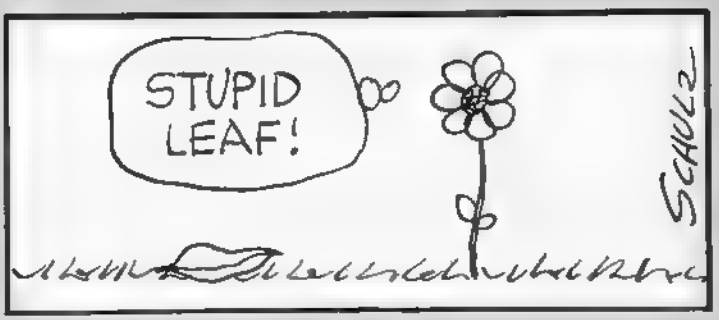
sts Go "MAD" - And Offer Examples Of

HEY'D REALLY LIKE TO DO





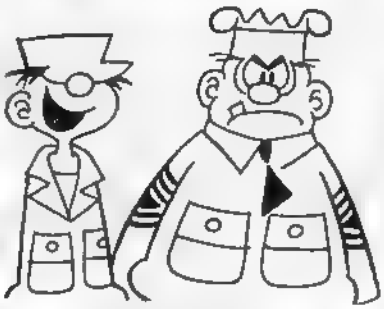




KEN ERNST & ALLEN SAUNDERS—creators of *"MARY WORTH"*

"We'd really like to do a "Peanuts" type strip. We're crazy about those kids . . . even tho' members of our own families have a maddening way of quoting Charlie Brown more often than Mary Worth!"

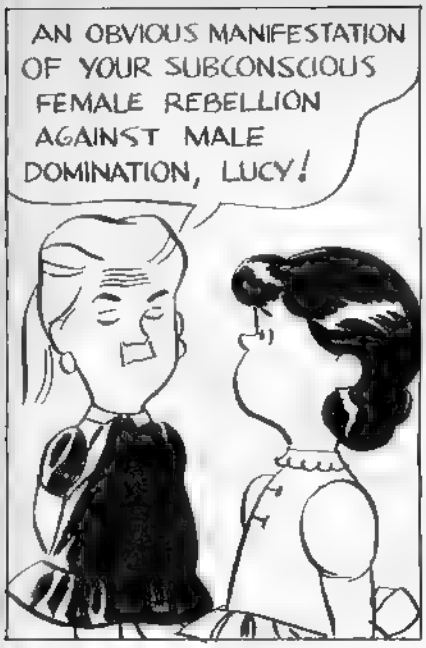
MORT WALKER—creator of *"BEETLE BAILEY"*

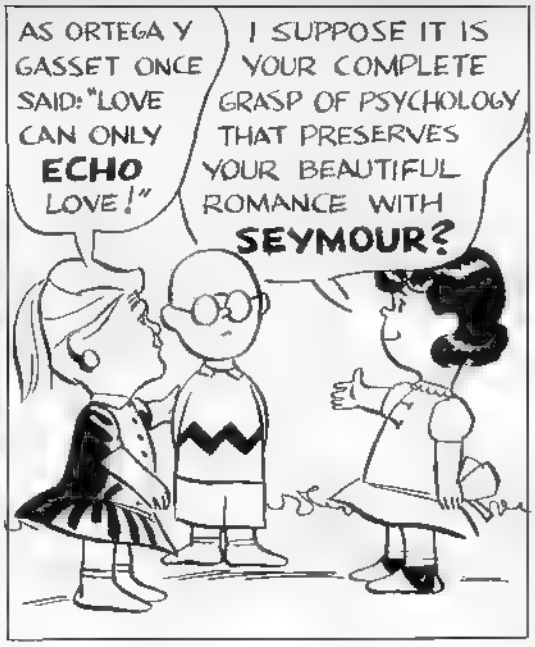


"I've always wanted to do a "Heart of Juliet Jones"-type strip called "The Chapped Hands of Sybil Sudsy." I guess working with an all-male cast for 14 years finally got to me. But this project was a good thing for me because it made me realize how lucky I am doing a strip for a living where it's not necessary to know how to draw!"

MELL LAZARUS—creator of *"MISS PEACH"*

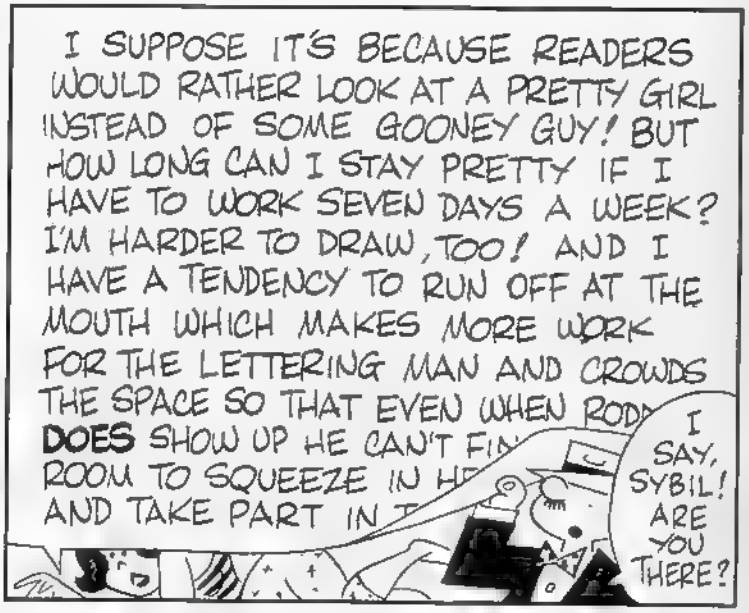
"I've always wanted to do a "Steve Canyon" type of straight comic strip. In fact, I got my chance recently when Milt Caniff had to leave town suddenly. He asked me to finish off a "Canyon" strip due at the engravers. As you can see, I did a great job of continuing and imitating his style!"


AN OBVIOUS MANIFESTATION OF YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS FEMALE REBELLION AGAINST MALE DOMINATION, LUCY!


AS ORTEGA Y GASSET ONCE SAID: "LOVE CAN ONLY ECHO LOVE!"
I SUPPOSE IT IS YOUR COMPLETE GRASP OF PSYCHOLOGY THAT PRESERVES YOUR BEAUTIFUL ROMANCE WITH SEYMOUR?

WHAT PSYCHOLOGY?... A DAILY BOP ON THE BUTTON KEEPS THAT BOOB IN LINE!

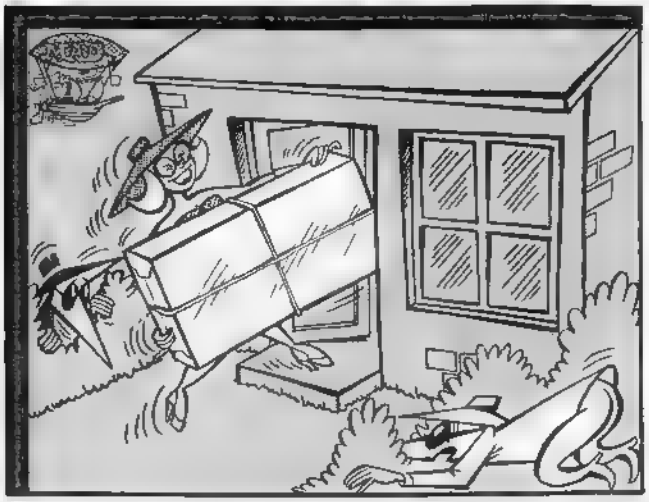
MEN IN THESE SOAP OPERA STRIPS ARE SO HELPLESS! GOLLY! WE GIRLS END UP DOING ALL THE WORK! HE CAN BE OFF FOR DAYS HAVING FUN WITH HIS GO-KART BUT I HAVE TO PUT IN AN APPEARANCE EVERY DAY!

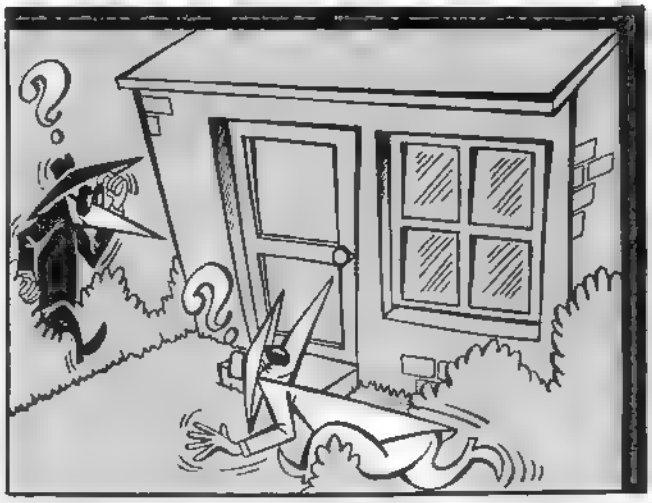

I SUPPOSE IT'S BECAUSE READERS WOULD RATHER LOOK AT A PRETTY GIRL INSTEAD OF SOME GOONEY GUY! BUT HOW LONG CAN I STAY PRETTY IF I HAVE TO WORK SEVEN DAYS A WEEK? I'M HARDER TO DRAW, TOO! AND I HAVE A TENDENCY TO RUN OFF AT THE MOUTH WHICH MAKES MORE WORK FOR THE LETTERING MAN AND CROWDS THE SPACE SO THAT EVEN WHEN RODN DOES SHOW UP HE CAN'T FIN ROOM TO SQUEEZE IN H AND TAKE PART IN T
I SAY, SYBIL! ARE YOU THERE?

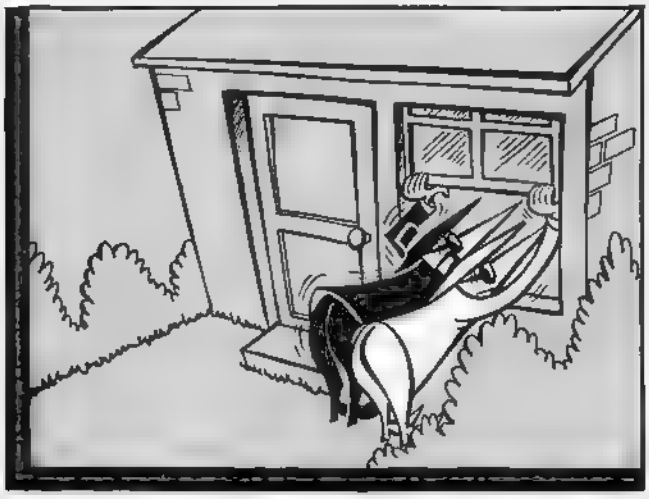
IF I WAS TO TURN OUT NOT TO BE RELATED TO YOU — WOULD I BE DEPORTED BACK TO TEXAS?

POTEET, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIND OUT HOW YOU AND I ARE RELATED...
WHAT CAUSED THE PEOPLE AT THE LITTLE DOGIE ORPHANAGE TO CONCLUDE THAT YOU WERE MY COUSIN?
I DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT MY PARENTS. BUT THE KINDLY FOLKS WHO RAN THE ORPHANAGE TOLD ME I WAS KIN TO A PILOT NAMED STEVENSON B. CANYON!
WELL, I WISH TO HECK YOU'D QUIT BUGGING ME ABOUT IT, MARCIA, OR POTEET, OR WHATEVER...
© 1964 Publishers Newspaper Syndicate
MELL LAZARUS
MILTON CANIFF

SPY VS SPY VS SPY







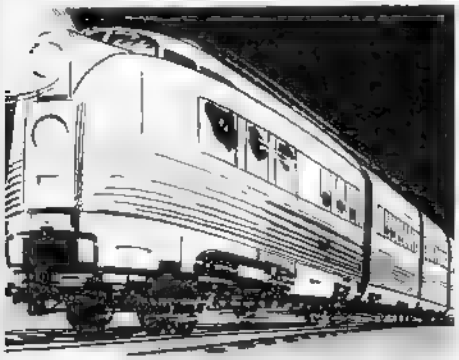
A FLEE CIRCUS DEPT.

Continuing with its creative programming efforts, this past season ABC introduced a new addition to its "Doctor Show" and "Crime Show" TV trail-blazing . . . mainly a "Doctor-Crime Show" called:

THE PHEWGITIVE

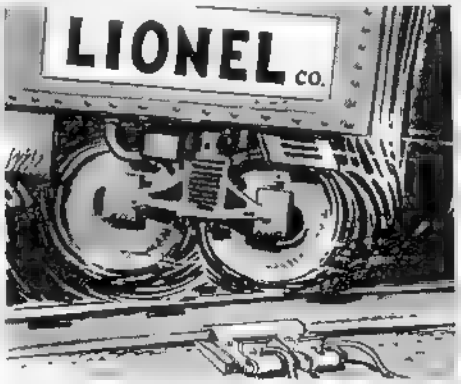
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: STAN HART

This is your stern-voiced narrator — Every week, we remind you of what the program is about, since you might not get the idea from the subtle title. We also kill 5 minutes of each show by using the same opening every week!

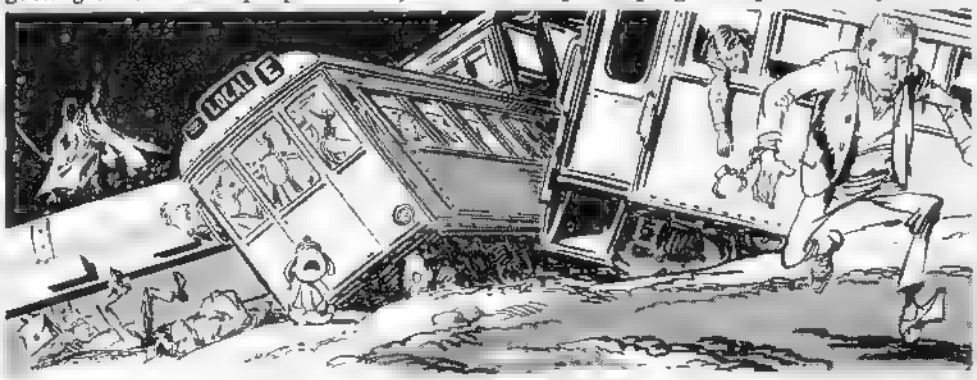


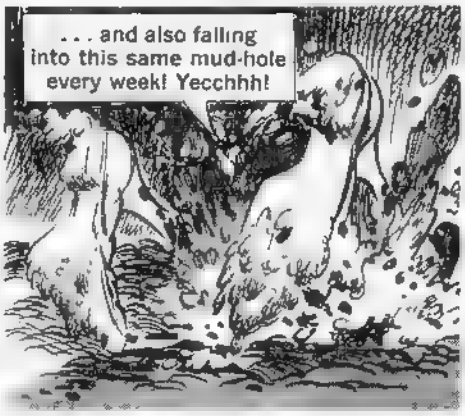
Dr. Richard Thimble is on his way to the Death House, convicted of murdering his wife. What thoughts are going through the head of the distinguished gray-haired physician at this moment?

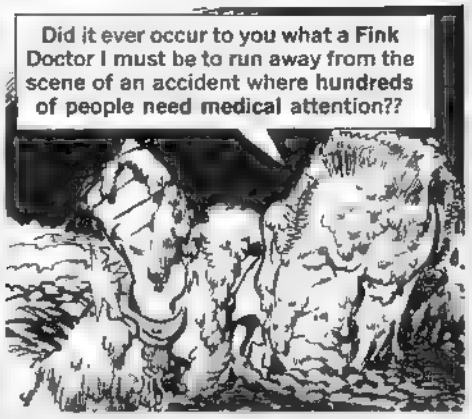
As he stares into the night, contemplating the shafting he got from that Jury who wouldn't believe his story about the "one-armed man"—Fate steps into the life of Dr. Richard Thimble!



Instead of completing his journey, a curious event has made Dr. Richard Thimble a free man . . . free to run all over the country, searching for the "one-armed man", getting involved in people's lives, and narrowly escaping re-capture every week!

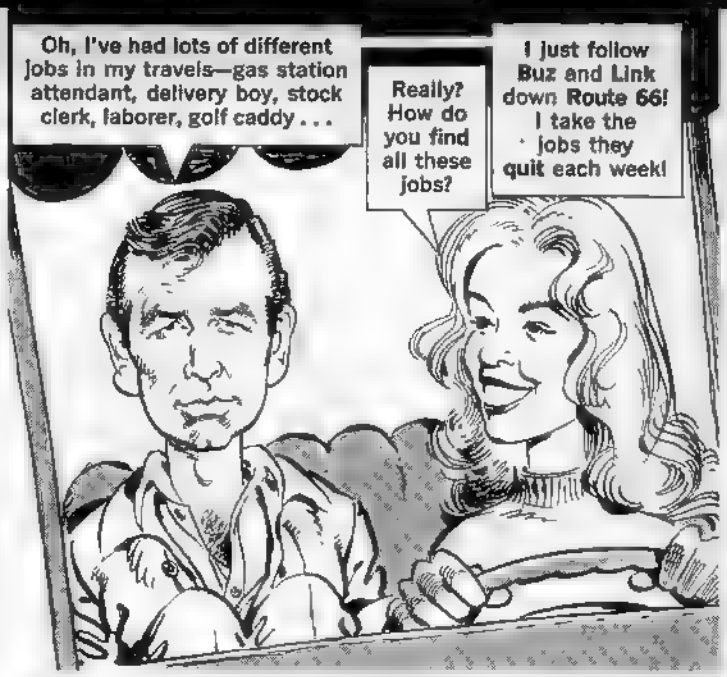


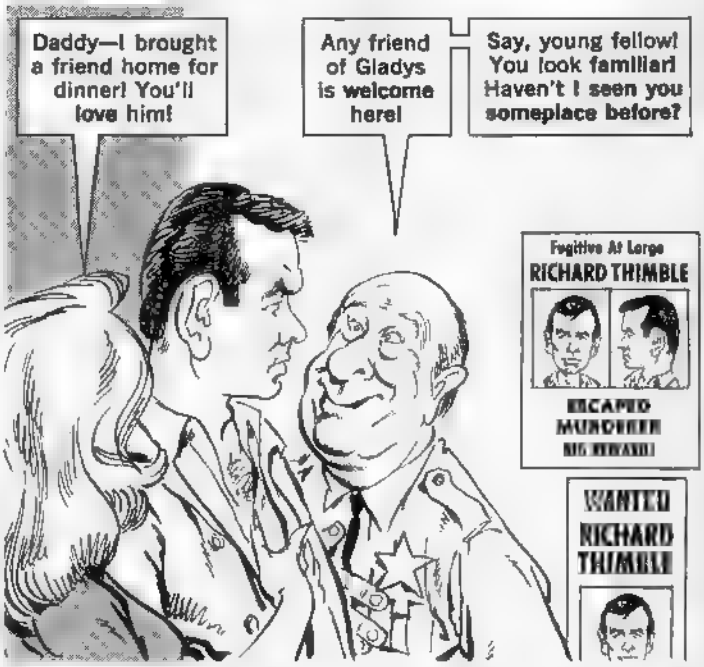


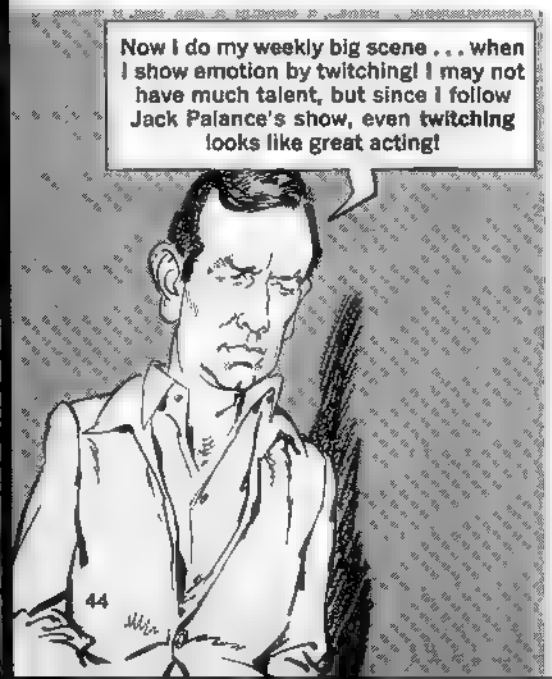


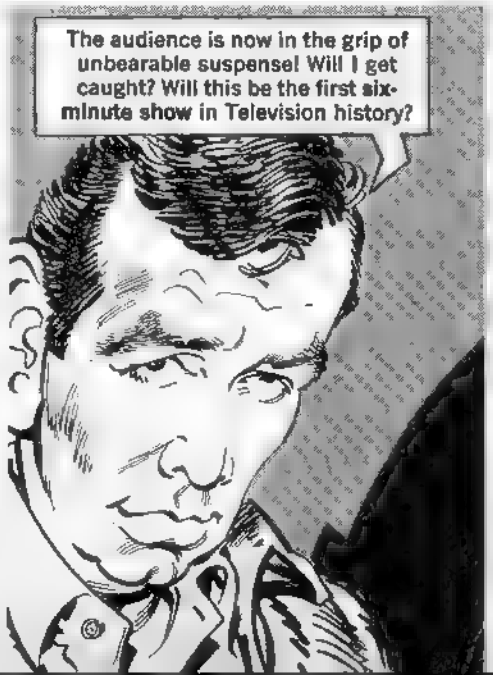
THIS WEEK'S EPISODE

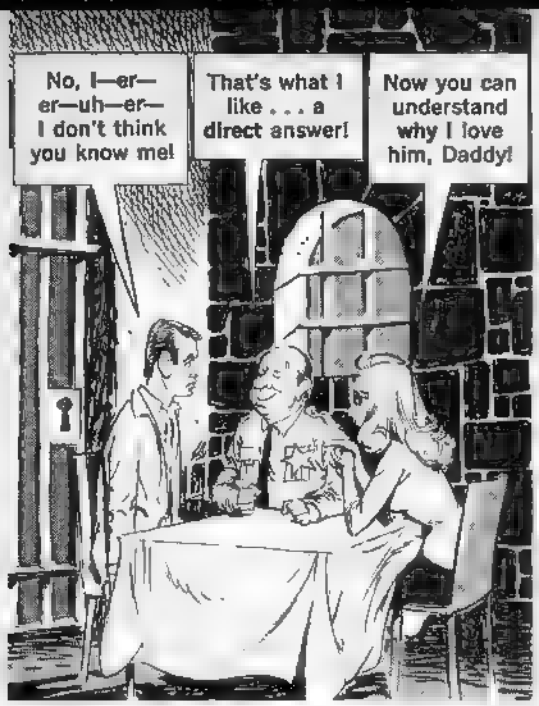
"Another Close Call—Or—Bet You're Hoping He'll Get Caught Already, Just For A Change!"



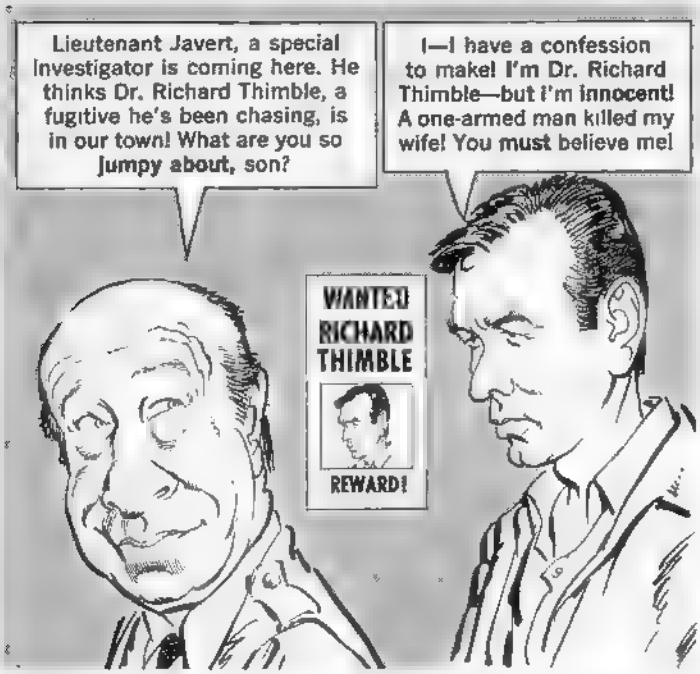


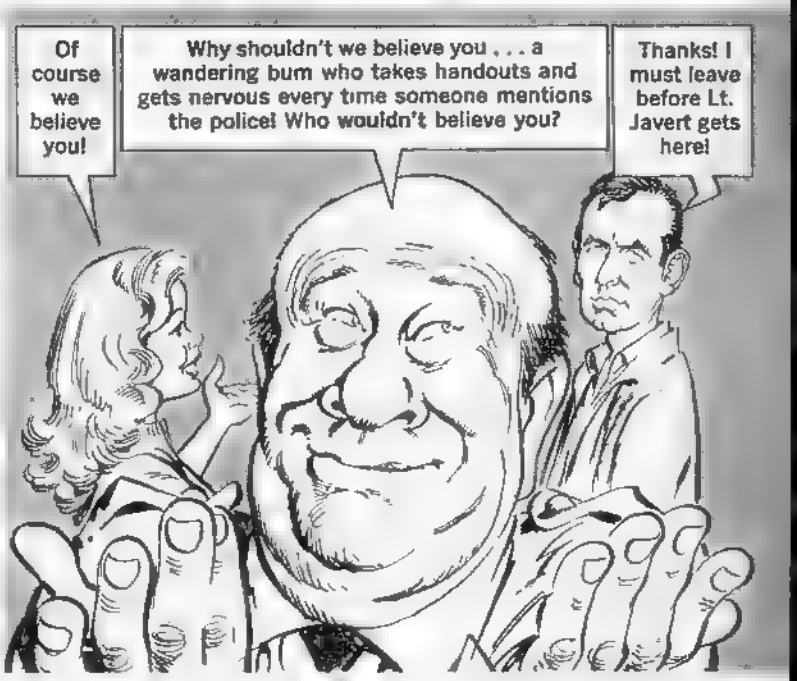


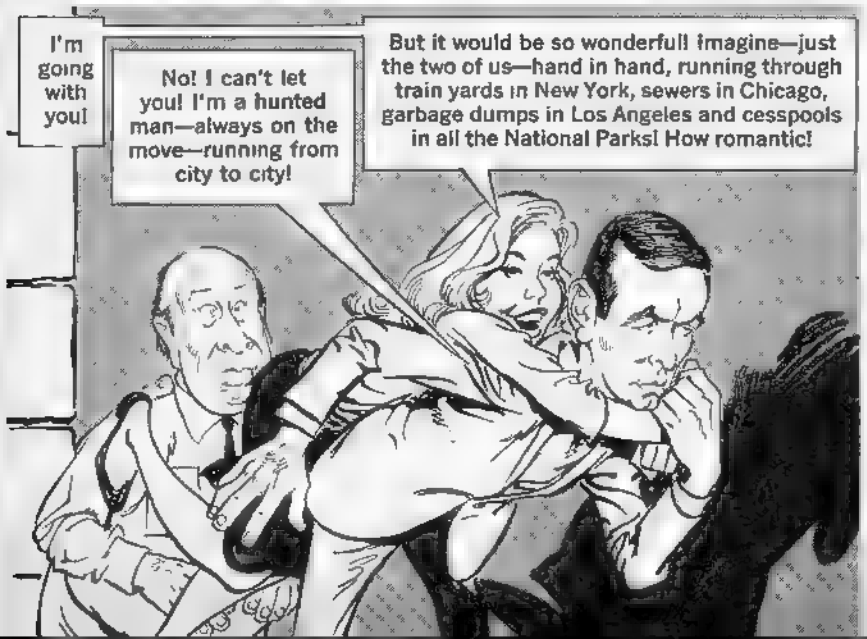


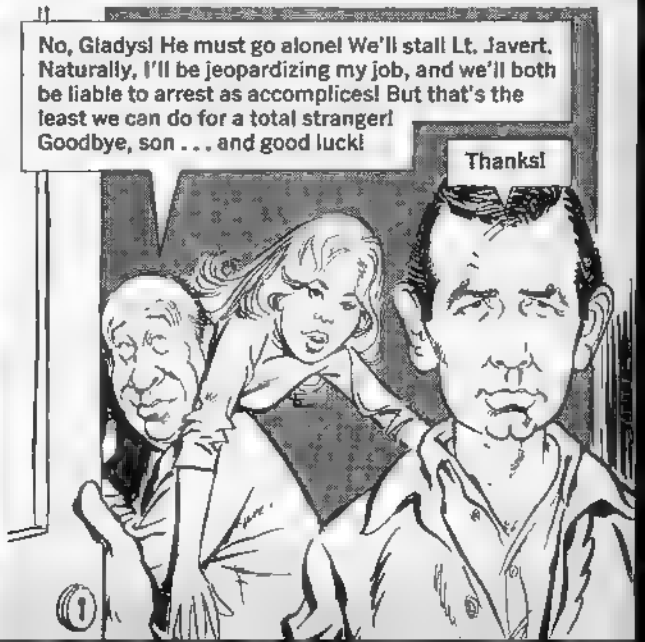

No, I—er—er—uh—er—I don't think you know me!
That's what I like . . . a direct answer!
Now you can understand why I love him, Daddy!

What's that? Two kidnappings and a bank robbery—all in the past five minutes?
Darn it—it never fails! Every week, the minute I hit a nice peaceful town—whammo—it explodes with violence! Only once did I ever escape violence!
Where was that?
When I spent a week in Hollywood . . . at Ozzie and Harriet's house! NOTHING ever happens there!
WANTED FOR MURDER!
Richard Thimble
Notify Authorities or Contact Local Office of the F.B.I.


Lieutenant Javert, a special investigator is coming here. He thinks Dr. Richard Thimble, a fugitive he's been chasing, is in our town! What are you so jumpy about, son?
I—I have a confession to make! I'm Dr. Richard Thimble—but I'm innocent! A one-armed man killed my wife! You must believe me!
WANTED! RICHARD THIMBLE
REWARD!


Of course we believe you!
Why shouldn't we believe you . . . a wandering bum who takes handouts and gets nervous every time someone mentions the police! Who wouldn't believe you?
Thanks! I must leave before Lt. Javert gets here!


I'm going with you!
No! I can't let you! I'm a hunted man—always on the move—running from city to city!
But it would be so wonderful! Imagine—just the two of us—hand in hand, running through train yards in New York, sewers in Chicago, garbage dumps in Los Angeles and cesspools in all the National Parks! How romantic!


No, Gladys! He must go alone! We'll stall Lt. Javert. Naturally, I'll be jeopardizing my job, and we'll both be liable to arrest as accomplices! But that's the least we can do for a total stranger! Goodbye, son . . . and good luck!
Thanks!

Where is he? I must find Dr. Richard Thimble! I've spent two years—day and night—chasing him all over the country!

Your professional dedication must be fantastic!

No . . . but my Expense Account is!

Hiding from the Law, son? This is a good place!

But I can't stay! They'll find me—and I'm innocent! Society has made me a criminal!!

Me, too! That's why I've been hiding out here for 19 years!

No, I have to go! I must keep on trying to convince people I'm innocent on the next 11 shows plus 2 options plus 13 summer re-runs—for a total of 26 more weeks!

You're making a mistake—But good luck!

Thanks, whoever you are!

It must be awful—a doctor always worrying if he'll be caught by the authorities!

WANTED
RICHARD THIMBLE
REWARD!

You mean Richard Thimble?

No—the doctor who filled out my Blue Cross claim form!

Hold it, son! Aren't you Richard Thimble? Aren't you the one who ran from L. A. to San Francisco last week to escape Lieutenant Javert?

Yes! Yes! I admit it! I confess! You got me!

Great! We need you! I'm the head of the Olympic Committee, and with a cross-country runner like you, we may have a chance against the Russian Women's team!

Well, don't just stand there! Start running again! You gotta keep in training!

Wonder where I got this stethoscope? The same place I get my new clothes every week!

Wow! It's going a mile a minute . . . but I'm going TWO miles a minute! I'd better slow down before I give myself a heart attack!

Maybe I ought to just give up and relax in a jail cell for the rest of my life . . .

It's all there, officer . . . my *(puff, puff)* confession!

Oh, darn! I forgot— no one can read a doctor's handwriting!

BUS STOP

The one-armed man! The guy I've been looking for all these weeks!

Richard Thimble! The guy I've been looking for all these weeks!

Oops! Have to play it smart! One false move and I'll ruin it! Just one false move and I might CATCH HIM! Then . . . we're all out of work!!

Phew . . . That was close!

Phew . . . That was close!

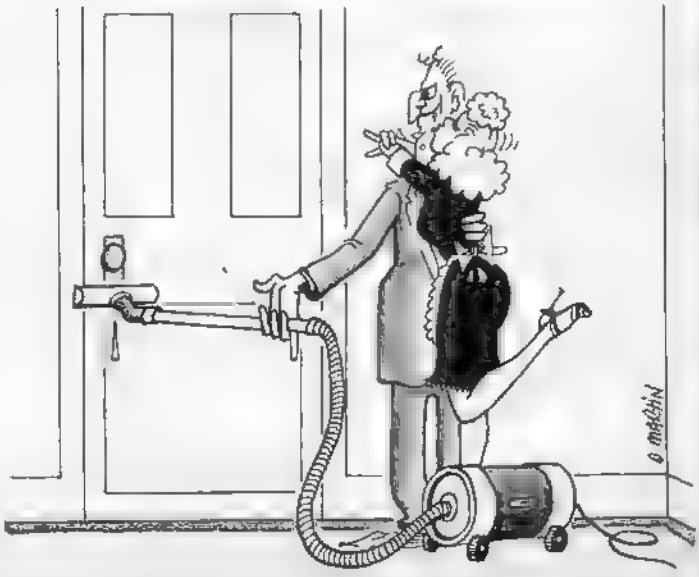
Into the night goes Richard Thimble, searching, searching, always searching for people to convince that he is not guilty of murdering his wife. And why is Thimble doing this? Because if the show stays on long enough, and he can convince enough folks in the country of his innocence, when he gets a new trial there won't be 12 people left to make up a jury to convict him again!

MAKING STREETS LOOK LIKE IT JUST RAINED CO.

DRUCKER

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

THE PRIVATE EYE



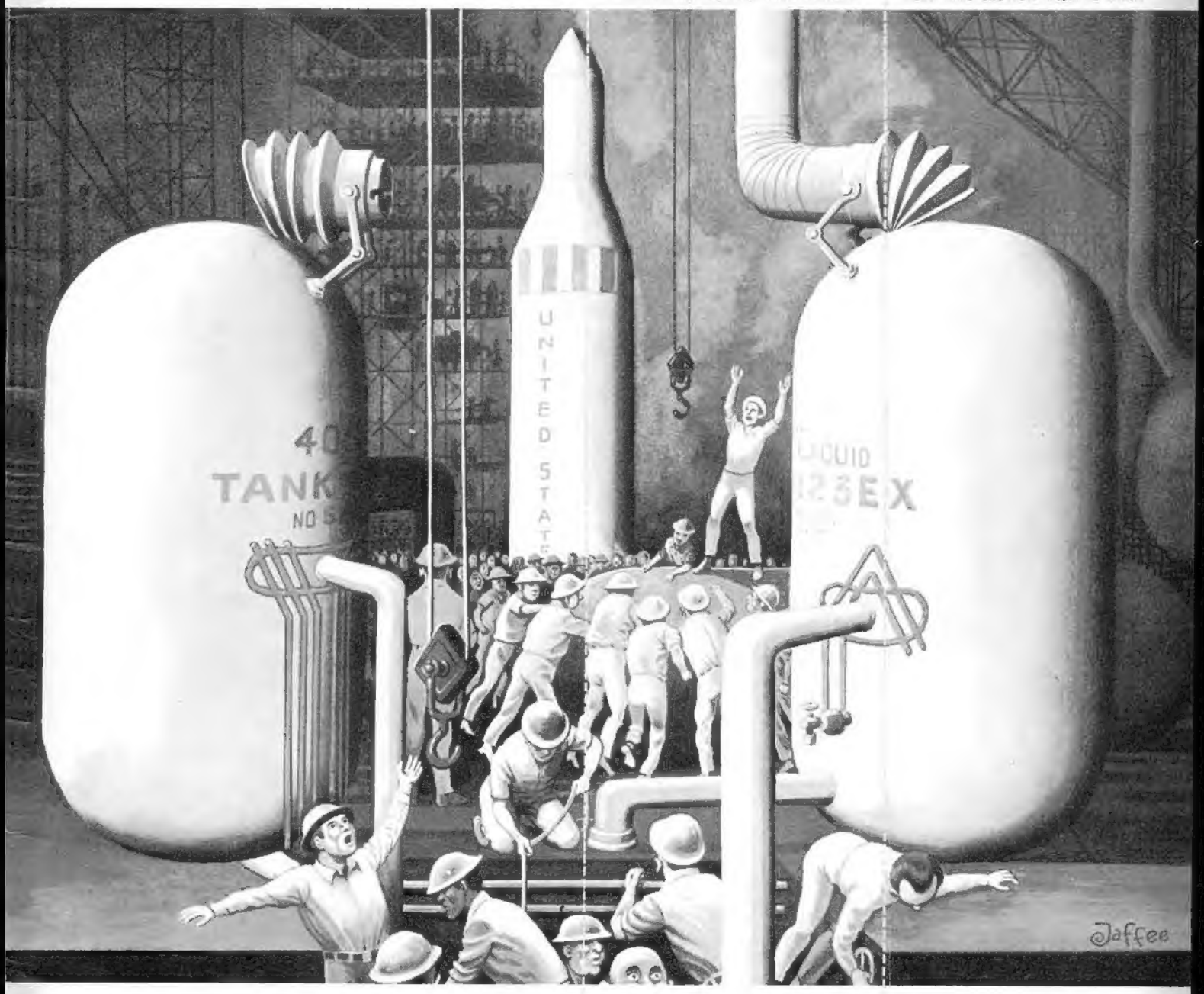
THIS MONTH'S ECONOMY-MINDED, BLACK-AND-WHITE, ONE-PAGE

MAD FOLD-IN

Our entire Space Program is now geared to getting a man to the moon before the Russians. But what does this multi-billion dollar effort mean to each of us ordinary citizens? Fold in page and discover...

THE ONE SURE THING WE'LL ALL GET OUT OF OUR MOON SHOT

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER TO LEFT FOLD THIS SECTION BACK TO RIGHT



A CRUSH OF WORKERS AND EQUIPMENT JAMS GANTRY DURING BURST OF ACTIVITY AT U. S. MOON SHOT SITE AS SUDDEN DISCOVERY OF LOOSE OR MALFUNCTIONING PART FORCES POSTPONEMENT AS IT SO OFTEN HAS IN PAST YEARS

THIS MONTH'S

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Our entire Space
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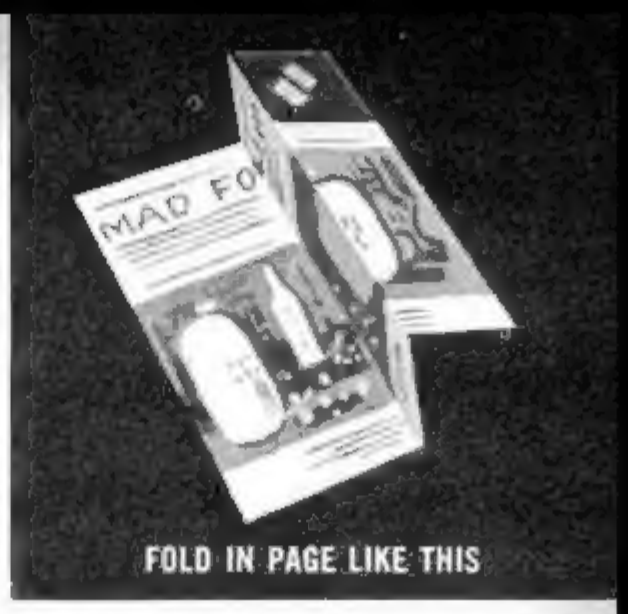

FOLD IN PAGE LIKE THIS

THE ONE SU MOON SHOT

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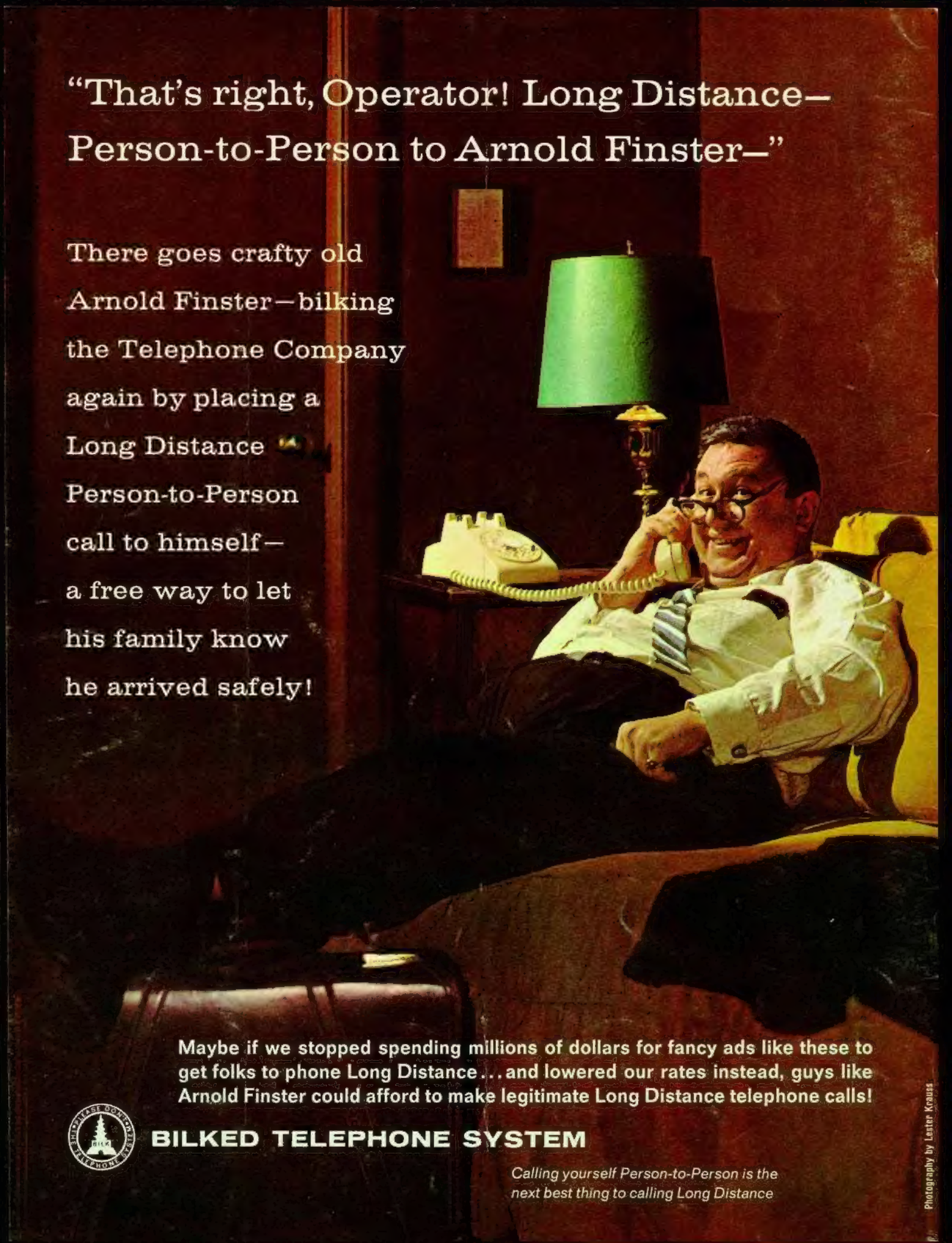
A CRUSHING
BURDEN

FOR YEARS


"That's right, Operator! Long Distance—
Person-to-Person to Arnold Finster—"
There goes crafty old Arnold Finster—bilking the Telephone Company again by placing a Long Distance Person-to-Person call to himself—a free way to let his family know he arrived safely!
Maybe if we stopped spending millions of dollars for fancy ads like these to get folks to phone Long Distance . . . and lowered our rates instead, guys like Arnold Finster could afford to make legitimate Long Distance telephone calls!
BILKED TELEPHONE SYSTEM
Calling yourself Person-to-Person is the next best thing to calling Long Distance
Photography by Lester Krauss